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Saturday Review

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By Ralph McGill

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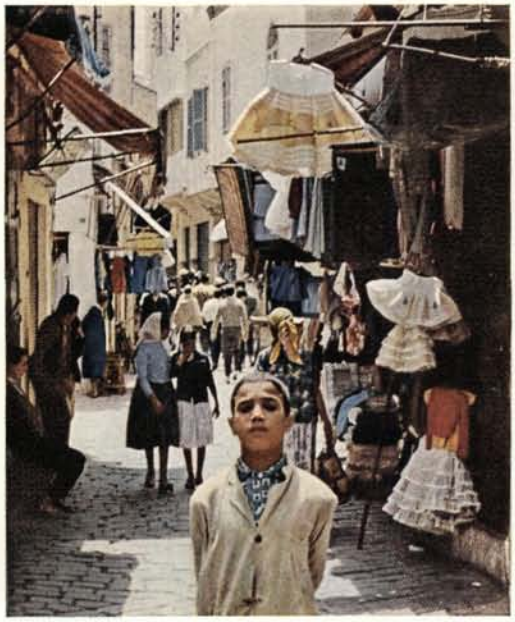

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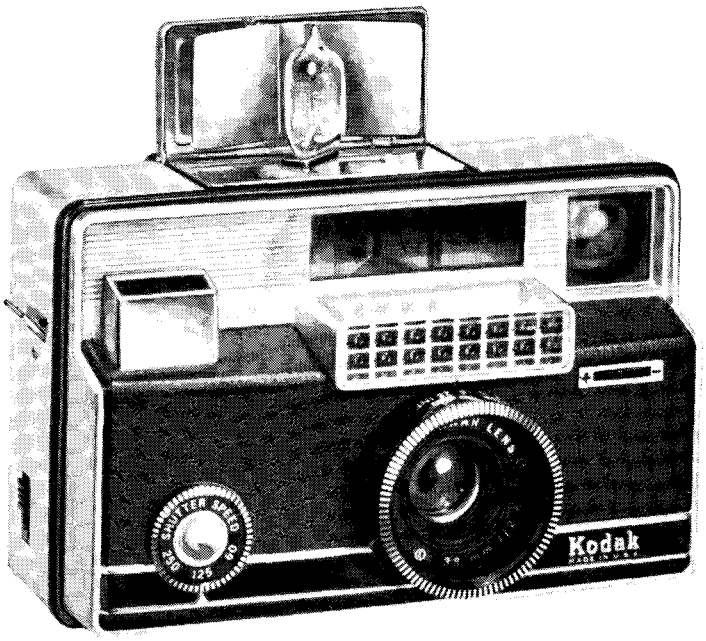

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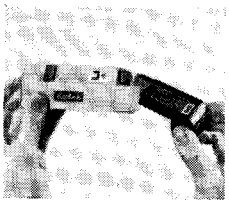

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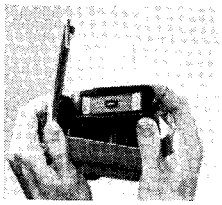

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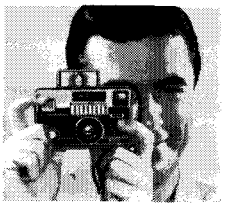

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It seems almost provident that Robert McAfee Brown should have been among the Protestant observers at Vatican Council II. For one thing, Mr. Brown is a delightful writer. For another, he lives and breathes the very spirit of intelligent ecumenicism. Long a leading author among the younger Protestant theologians, he has written for *The New Yorker* and also contributes a monthly column to the Roman Catholic *Commonweal*. It was he who, with the late Father Gustave Weigel, S.J., pioneered in a Protestant-Catholic book, *An American Dialogue*. Finally and selfishly, I was pleased because he is a Doubleday author.

When Brown left for the Council in Rome, there was no promise of a book. But now there is one, and it is a wonderful intellectual and spiritual adventure. The events of the Council were of great moment—for moments beyond these few we call a life-time. The men in attendance were impressive individually and collectively. They were there, says Brown, to open windows "that Pope John had begun to open."

Dr. Brown (he has just received another honorary doctorate, this time from the Jesuit University of San Francisco) was there as one of the "separated brethren." Listening carefully, taking notes, debating, and keeping a diary, *Observer in Rome* captures the essence and substance of the event.

He mentions the "coffee bars" which flourished to permit those in attendance to talk informally (and remarks that he was not accustomed to elbowing Bishops aside to get at the Coke machine). He describes some of the debates in baseball metaphors. For the most part he writes seriously, frankly, sometimes critically of the processes at hand.

OBSERVER IN ROME is essential reading for the practicing man or woman of faith, for anyone in a fragmented world who realizes that we must move closer together if we are to keep from blowing further apart.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Observer in Rome: A Protestant Report on the Vatican Council by Robert McAfee Brown ($4.95) is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 105 East City Line Avenue, Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

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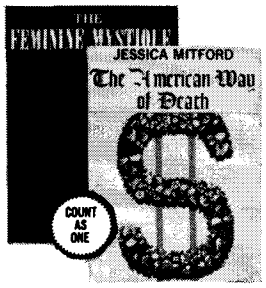

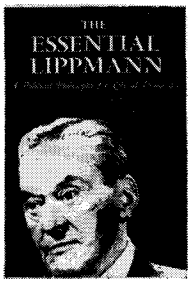

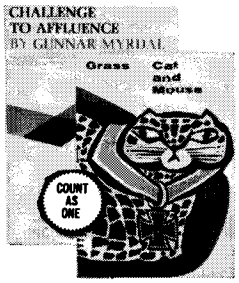

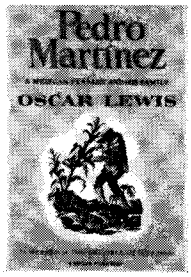

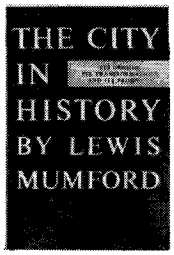

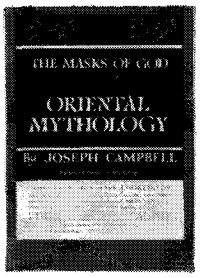

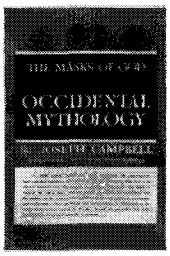

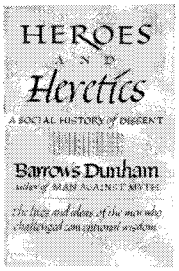

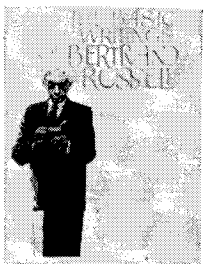

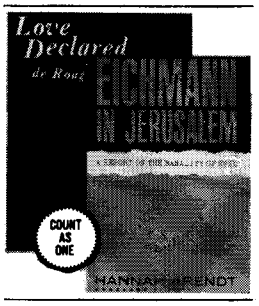

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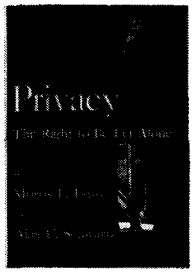

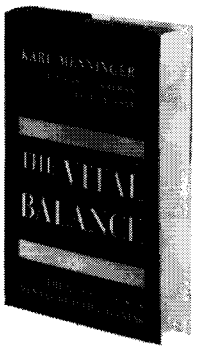

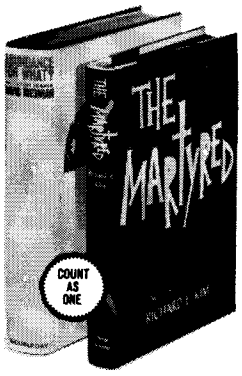

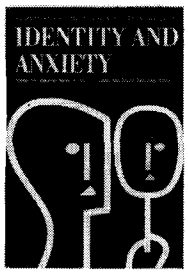

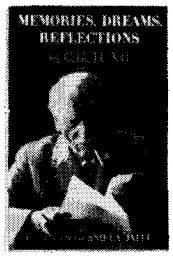

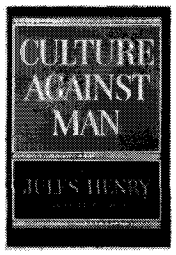

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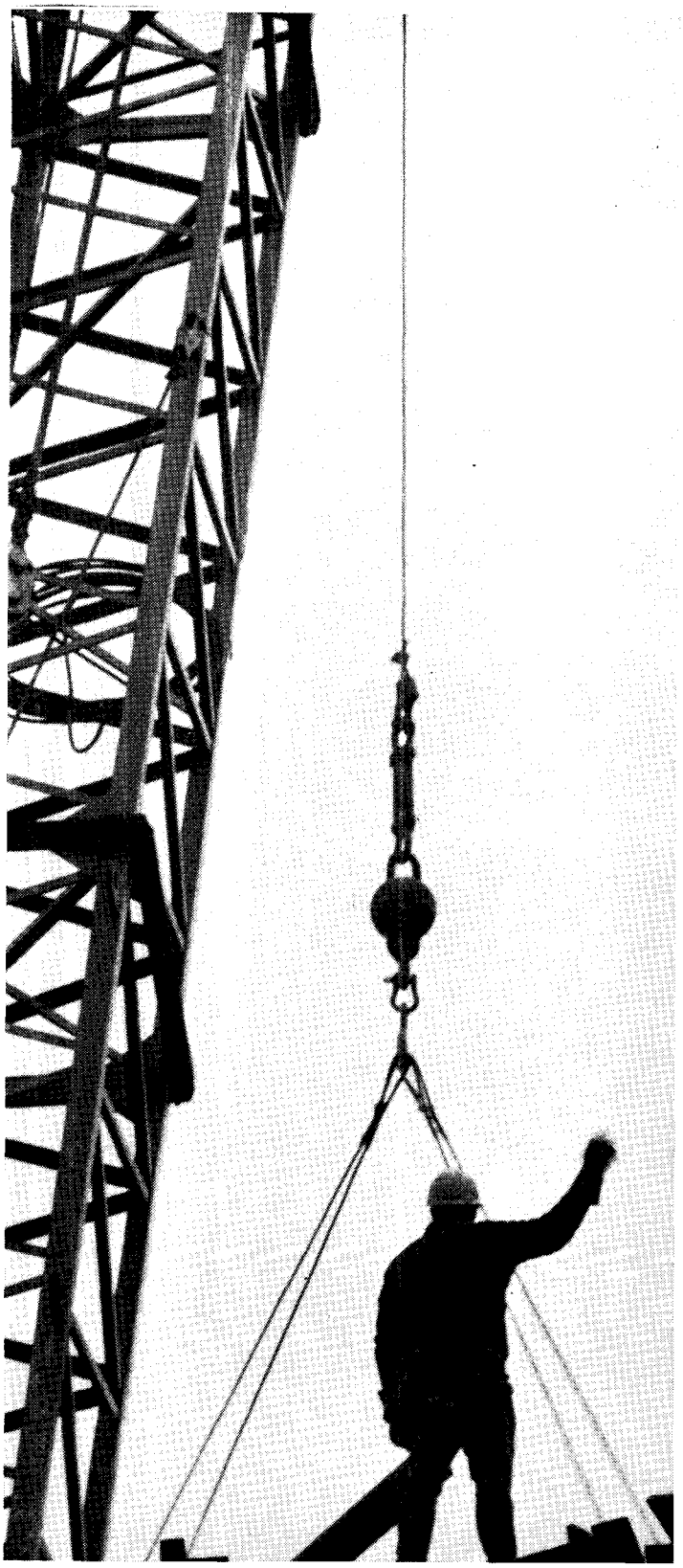

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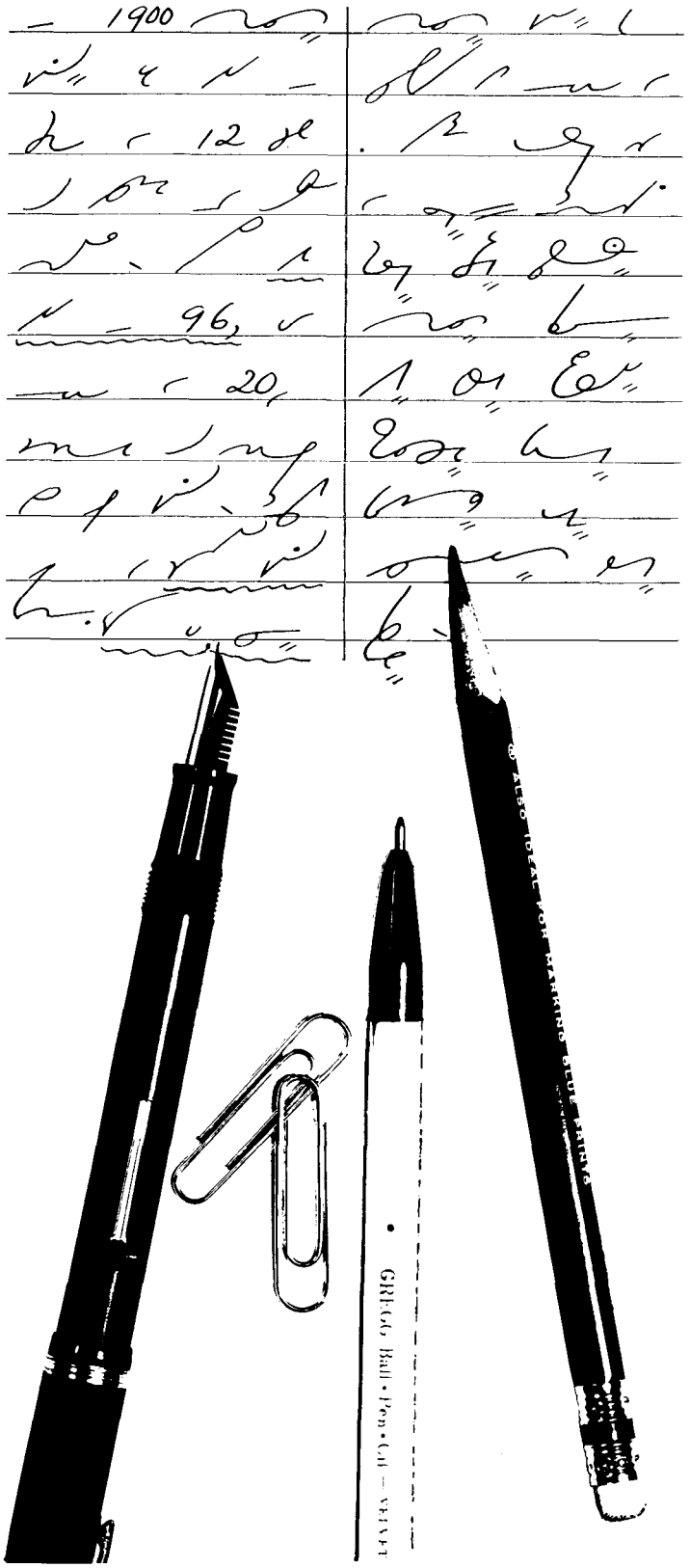

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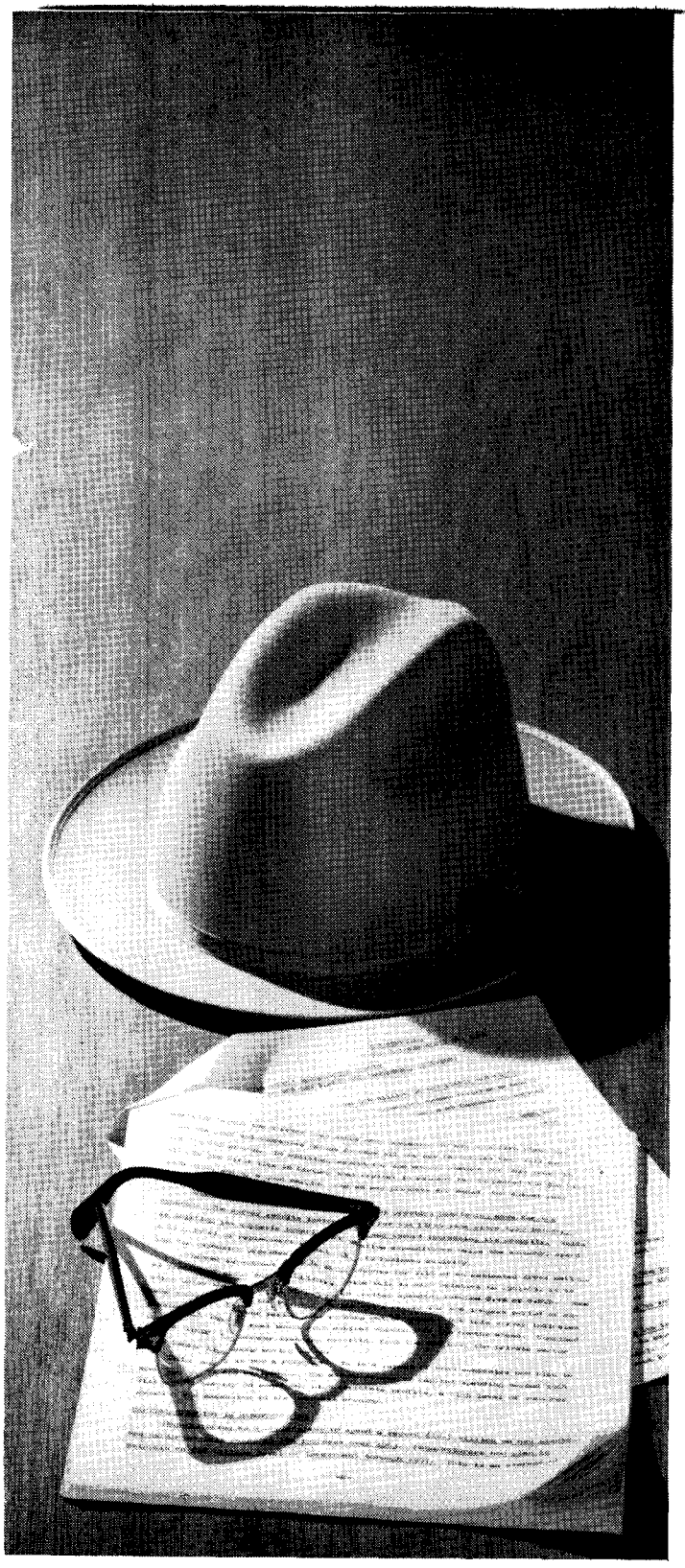

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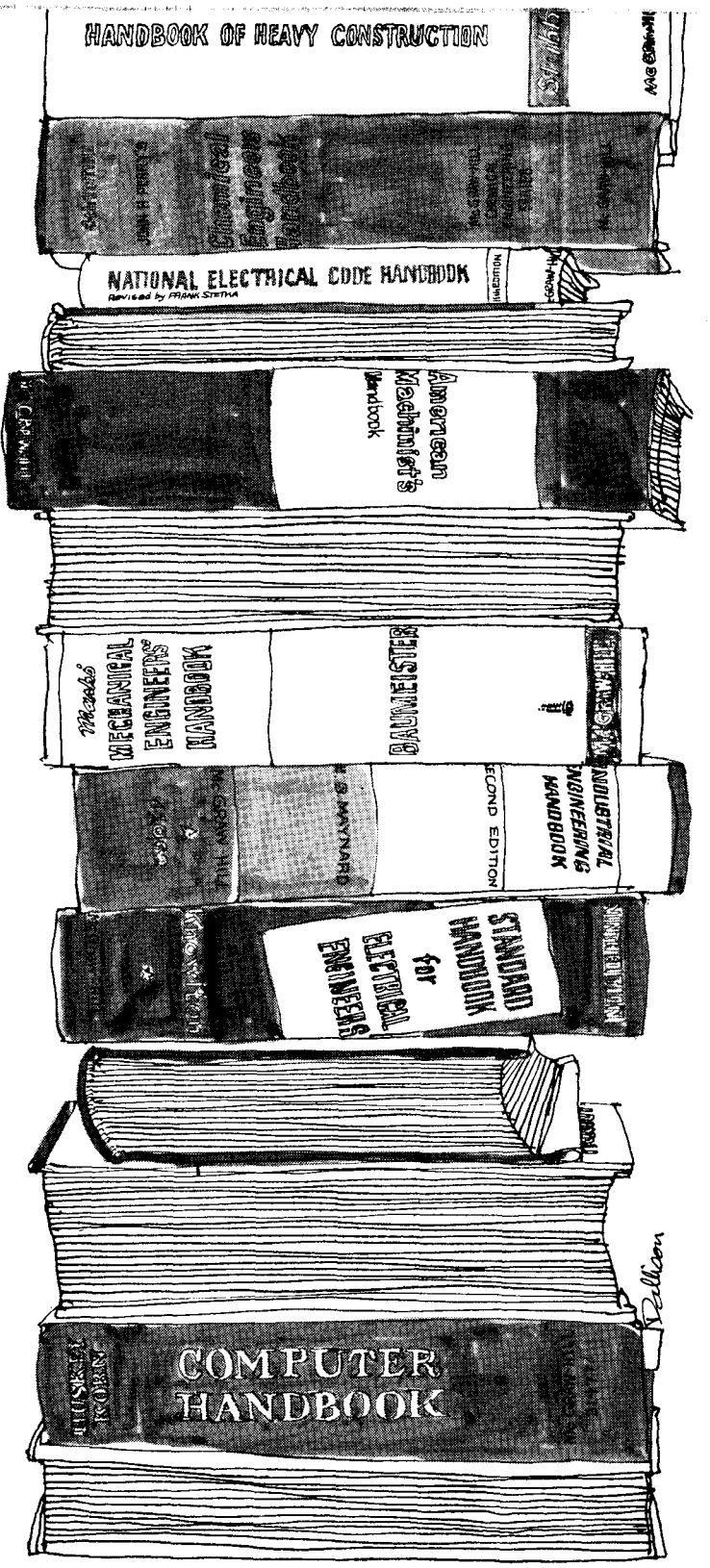

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The Cool World

Edited by Martin Levin

I Hear America Griping

Luther B—— stepped from his air-conditioned house
Directly into his air-conditioned car.
He drove, tight-windowed, to his air-conditioned office.
Returning, he stopped in an air-conditioned bar,
And spent the evening in an air-conditioned movie.
"The thing," he said, "that seems to me most unfair—
I must walk unprotected from parking-place to street-door.
Everything is air-conditioned except the air."

—Morris Bishop.

The All-a-Mailer-Can Dream

(Instalment Six: Advertisements for My Sylph)

INEXPLICABLY, after I dropped Desdemona out the window *(you always hurt,* I realized with a brilliant flash of mystical intuition, *the one you love),* my aorta was rattling, jabbering, pummeling my lungs with existential mists of pavement dust like the malevolent jackhammers perpetuating the myth of a hippier New York; the virile locks of my scalp kicked and writhed like a million dark spiders waving bon voyage to wedlock; my moon-chilled corpuscles, red, white, and lurid neon-blue, blossomed through my veins like Fourth of July jello shivering in a secondhand washing machine; I wasn't well at all.

"Sigmund Robuck, you are up to your virile id—not to mention superego—in the sick-sweet rusty bathtub of trouble," prophesied Olive, my torrid and sensuous maiden of the moon, her sad old-young golden antennae shimmering in the Manhattan darkness like John Wayne on the Late-Late Show and muffling her ESP-waves beneath a storm-cloud bouffant the color of shoveled snow, who was also a lady detective, equally torrid and sensuous. "Just because you are an ex-sergeant, ex-astronaut, ex-Wimbledon champ, ex-novelist, you can't expect to go around dropping Desdemona out the window whenever you feel like it. It's bad on the Venetian blinds. I'm not asking you to sacrifice your rites, Mr. Robuck—"

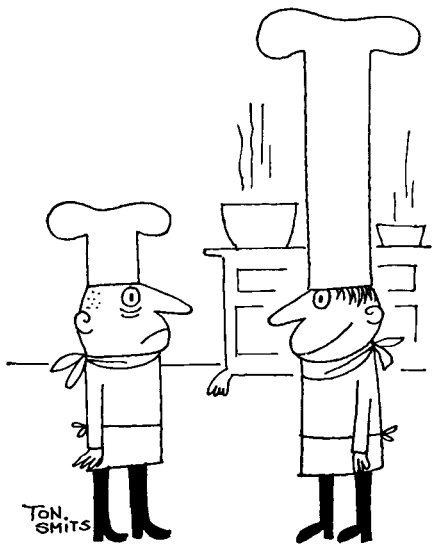
"I hope not. I don't know what I'd do without my daily exorcise."

"—but if you confess immediately, and promise to stop this senseless dropping, I think I can get you off with just a light litterbugging rap."

"If I did that," I replied, my words burning my lips like hot tamales, "I'd never make it through the next six instalments."

Suddenly I felt supercharged with a violent, squalorly, high-octane happiness, very unwarmpuppylike, from which I emerged bewitched, bugged, and beatified, as from a seance with my sensuous out-of-town analyst, my Philadelphic Oracle; never, throughout the past twenty-four turgid hours (see instalments I through V), had I felt so searing and Robuck. Yes, with the sound of one hand clapping myself upon the back, I *knew,* as only the hipster who has just dropped his wife out the window can, the exhilarating surge of nastiness above and beyond the call of nasty; the dank-lipped dreadful polygeists of evil beyhond evil and dreadful polygeists, dank-lipped: *society is fluoridating the streams of consciousness!*

"Rhetoric will get you nada thing, honey," warned Olive, who had read my mind and regular monthly column, "and what I'd like to know, basically and superficially, is this: why, since this is a basement apartment, did you consider it necessary to drop Desdemona from the window at all?"



"Because," I said, winking transcendentally, "she obviously wouldn't make it through the laundry-chute."

(Don't miss the further-out adventures of Sigmund Robuck in next month's even murkier Instalment Number Seven: *Voodoo Seancing to Me.*)

—Ted Schaefer.

The Passing of The Paper Ballot

I DOUBT if there is a man, with the possible exception of Henry Cabot Lodge, who has fonder memories of the paper ballot than I. In the Indiana town where I grew up we used to laugh and slap our knees over things we had written in on the ballots. We would write in messages to the election board like this:

"You'd better count this vote if you know what's good for you."

Or: "Wouldn't vote for this skunk if he had been endorsed by the Angel Gabriel."

Sometimes we would put down alongside the names of candidates such identifications as "Louse," "Saint," "Rat," "Good boy," "No-good thief," "Noble fellow," "A credit to humanity," and so on.

Or maybe we would write in the name of some fictitious character for sheriff, like Pensive Bosh, or Fulsome Mush, or Blight Bilge. And sure enough, when the vote was turned in to the county board, Blight Bilge or Fulsome Mush would be credited with seven—sometimes ten—votes. The precinct board got as much kick out of reporting it to the county board as we did out of writing in the false names.

Of course, after several elections, the county board finally caught on and began throwing out ballots with questionable names, ruling they were mutilated. But the first two or three times that it came across the preposterous names the board shrugged its shoulders, concluding that it was a free country and the voters had a right to vote for whoever they pleased. Besides, the board hedged, it could be there *were* characters with names like that in a town like that.

The boys who thought up the gags never expected anything but to have their ballots thrown out. They were as shocked as they were convulsed when some of the names showed up in the county-seat paper. And truthfully, nobody was really ever harmed by what was clearly innocent fun.

It seems a shame that machines are gradually ending the practice of writing in names or making marginal notes on ballots. In the old days, one of those mutilated ballots could give the board something to talk about the rest of their lives. —Dow Richardson.

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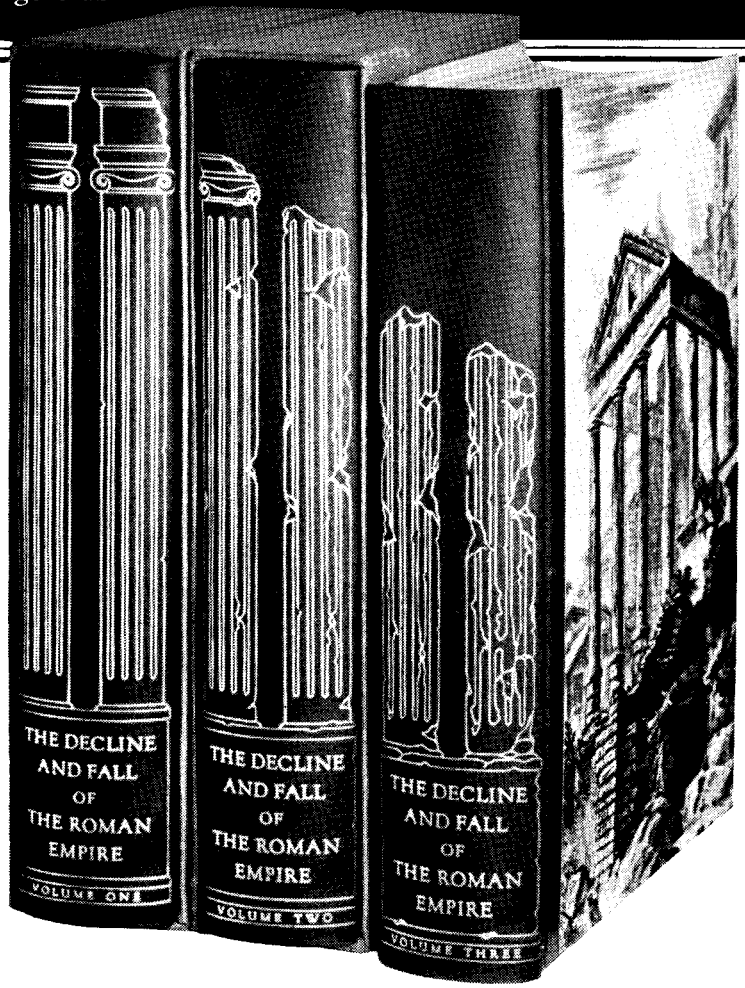
THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE
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THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE
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IT WAS AMONG the ruins of the Roman capital that Edward Gibbon first conceived the idea of this monumental history. And it was among these very ruins that the brilliant engraver Gian Battista Piranesi spent thirty years of his life, etching the plates that made him famous.

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And it is from this final printing that we earmarked a limited number of sets for the startling offer we are making to new members in this, our 29th Series of publications. We are actually giving away the entire three-volume set *instead* of selling it!

AND THE REASON for this uncommonly rich offer? We want to demonstrate dramatically the advantages of belonging to the only popular-priced book club dedicated to publishing fine, illustrated editions of the world's great books. The Heritage Club editions are *custom-planned*... always individually designed, beautifully illustrated, printed on quality papers, and handsomely bound and boxed.

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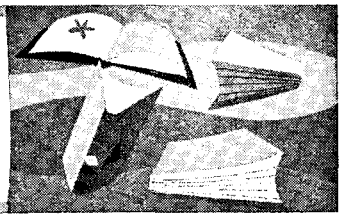
Trade Winds



The problem of "publish or perish,' which seems to be the new ground rule among college faculty members these days, has been met rather neatly by Professor Edward O. Thorp of the mathematics department of New Mexico State University. Dr. Thorp is the gentleman who recently rocked the Las Vegas casinos with his book *Beat the Dealer*. As a result of his scientific system of winning at Blackjack—or "21," as it is more often called—the executive committee of the town's Resort Hotel Association changed the rules to give the house more favorable odds. The good professor's book had reversed the odds so that the players could get a 52-48 percentage in their favor.

In spite of the change in rules, Dr. Thorp still maintains that his system will work, and that the new rules will make only an infinitesimal difference. "The only change is in the amount of capital involved," Dr. Thorp says. "If the reader will look at Chapter 8, he'll find the new win rate for a ten-count player is 3½ per cent per hour, compared to 5 per cent in what you might call 'good' casinos."

The thirty-one-year-old professor says he predicted the changes that the casinos might make and told players how to swing with the tide.

Anyone who can beat the odds at Las Vegas deserves some sort of a medal. We visited there recently and battled the one-arm bandits and roulette tables, only to go down in bitter defeat (total loss was $6.25). We were impressed, however, with one middle-aged lady who looked very much as if she could have been president of her local Sunshine Guild. She sat on a stool between two silver-dollar slot machines and pumped the coins into them alternately at the rate of one coin every eight seconds. She was at the machines at 7:35 P.M. when we went to dinner, and she was still pumping, furiously as ever, at 9:46 P.M. The only change was that she had slipped off her shoes.

Meanwhile, back at Publishers' Row, Trident Press is going ahead with the new Pocket Books edition of a book about Las Vegas, *The Green Felt Jungle*, in spite of the threat by Senator Barry Goldwater to sue the publisher for at least $1,000,000 for linking his name with a gambler. A spokesman for the publishers told us that they had not heard directly from the Senator, but that they are satisfied that the book doesn't libel him.

There have been several other threats made, two of them involving suits by other individuals named in the book, and a telephone threat to co-author Ed Reid, who was visiting a friend on the West Coast when supposedly no one knew he was there. More mysterious is the fact that the threat came in on an unlisted number at the house that he was visiting, at a time when everyone, including his publishers, thought he was in Chicago.

Ian Fleming, in his forthcoming *Thrilling Cities* (New American Library, hard cover), writes about Las Vegas. Written almost as if it were a James Bond thriller, this travel book embodies a whole fresh approach in visits to cities from Naples to Hong Kong.

Las Vegas is not, of course, the only place noted for gambling—publishers

gamble every time they bring out a new book. At Lippincott, they are ready to gamble with a fresh prediction on a best-seller for Lane Kauffman's new novel, *An Honorable Estate*.

Isabelle Holland, speaking for the publishers, writes us: "Yes, I will go out on a limb: I will be astounded and disappointed if *An Honorable Estate* does not make the best-seller list by June 21."

At Alfred Knopf, they are talking about a writer who is about to hit an unusual jackpot. She is a Canadian, Margaret Laurence, and she is going to have three books published by that house all on the same day—June 15. "I think this is unheard of in American publishing," says Mr. Knopf, "to bring out on the same day a novel, a book of short stories, and a travel volume all by the same writer who has not heretofore been published in the United States."

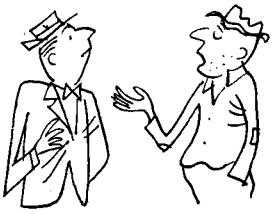
The titles: *The Stone Angel*, a novel; *The Tomorrow Tamer*, a collection of short stories; *New Wind on a Dry Land*, a travel book. All of them, incidentally, are reviewed in this issue of *SR*.

In the casinos abroad, there is the same frenzy among gamblers as there is in this country. Henna Arond Zacks tells us about one frantic gambler who watched his last chip disappear under the croupier's rake at a fashionable European casino.

"*Merci*," said the croupier, with a touch of irony.

The gambler looked at him steadily and said: "The quality of your *merci* is strained."

The rates at gambling resorts are sometimes low, since the establishments are willing to take their profits from the



gambling tables rather than from board and lodging. However, information sometimes comes high, as illustrated by the story Barbra Streisand tells about the wanderer in Las Vegas who stopped a passer-by and asked for a nickel for a cup of coffee.

"A *nickel* for a cup of coffee," the pedestrian said. "Where can you get a cup of coffee for a nickel?"

"That information, sir," the wanderer replied, "will cost you another half a buck."

It's a lot safer to take a quiet vacation in less exciting lands than the gambling galaxies seem to provide. Allan Kalmus says he'd rather take a boat to relax whenever he goes abroad, but finds he has to fly to save time.

"Anyone who says I go by steamer is telling a base Cunard," he says.

And some people prefer just to stay at home and read. Down in Louisville, C. R. Graham, director of the Louisville Free Public Library, writes us that a reader filled out a slip for a book that read: *Can't on a Hot Tin Roof*.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1574)

JOHN LE CARRE:
THE SPY WHO CAME IN (FROM THE COLD)

They'd voted for her because they wanted a decent little club, nice and revolutionary, and no fuss. It was all such a fraud. Alec had seemed to understand that. "Some people keep canaries; some people join the Party," he'd said once; and it was true.

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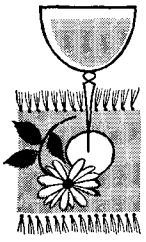
'23 skidoo and a Side Car, too

The Twenties—Fads, flivvers, flappers. Era of wonderful nonsense... Paris cafes jammed with Americans and Frenchmen enjoying that inspired mixture of Cointreau Liqueur, Cognac and lemon juice, whimsically tagged the Side Car.

The Sixties—The Side Car rides again...the wicked 20's are back and famous Cordials by Cointreau are the rage at fashionable gatherings.



The Side Car — ⅓ Cointreau Liqueur, ⅓ lemon juice, ⅓ Cognac (or, change proportions to taste). Shake well with cracked ice.

The Side Car is only one of many colorful, conversation-piece drinks made with Cordials by Cointreau. For other fascinating drink and food recipes, write for your free copy of "Gourmet's Guide" to Dept. 142.

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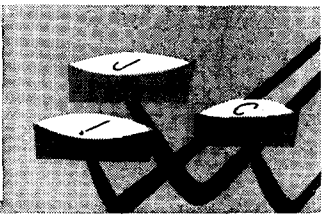
Manner of Speaking



Bureaucracy and Frank Ellis: These last weeks, as I traveled around the country on a lecture tour, I kept searching all the papers of fifty different cities for final word in the case of Lieutenant Frank Ellis versus Navy bureaucracy. I was all but certain that a man could never win against the paper-clippers. Yet Lieutenant Ellis's case was so powerful that I went on hoping. Now the word has finally come, and, I am sorry to say, the paper-clippers won and the man lost.

Lieutenant Frank Ellis (see this column for February 8) was flying a Navy jet fighter in California on July 12, 1962, when it went out of control and seemed about to crash into a row of houses. Lieutenant Ellis could have bailed out and let his plane plow through those houses, but he stayed with it, fighting the controls until he had it safely aimed into a patch of open ground. Only then did he eject himself, but with so little altitude that he suffered injuries requiring the amputation of both legs below the knee.

Heaven knows what special fuel goes into the psychic power plant of such a man. Despite his double amputation, Lieutenant Ellis trained himself to use his wooden legs so well that he passed every Navy test for physical fitness and fought against all precedent to remain on flying status. Finally a special board of Navy flight surgeons was convened in Pensacola to pass on his fitness and Lieutenant Ellis had his triumph: despite his handicap, he was reinstated to full Group I flying status.

But Washington's desk-bound corps had yet to be heard from, and so an end of triumph. Group I status, as I understand it, qualifies a Navy pilot for every sort of flying including carrier landings. Group II, if I have it right, qualifies a pilot for every sort of flying except carrier landings. In Washington, Navy Under Secretary Paul B. Fay, Jr., reviewed the findings of the special board and decided that Lieutenant Ellis could be reinstated only to Group III status, which is to say he could only fly as a copilot in the company of pilots with Group I or Group II status.

The desk-bound, you may be sure, have delicate antennae and various sets of them. One semisensitive set feels out the mood of those lower down in the table of organization. A second and supersensitive set feels out the mood of those higher up in the anthill. A third set, almost as sensitive as the second, feels out something called "public relations."

That third set could not fail to feel out the fact that Lieutenant Ellis had become an American hero. Obviously it is good public relations to let heroes have their glory. But the message that came down the second set of antennae was the one that carried the real signal. And what the signal said was the central message of all bureaucracy: "Take cover."

The Official Voice was full of solicitude. It praised Lieutenant Ellis's "motivation and drive." It pointed out, however, that a carrier landing requires "a very delicate touch on the brakes and rudder." And with avuncular sincerity it turned to Lieutenant Ellis himself. "Frank," it said, "you and your wife could never live it down if your flying killed someone."

Meaning "Group III."

The Official Voice even got Lieutenant Ellis to make the sounds of a good loser. What else can a junior officer do? He expressed his thanks, he knew he had been given every consideration, he was grateful that he was able to remain "a useful aviator in the Navy." It had all, no doubt, been a pleasure and a privilege, and all hearts were touched.

I think it is called "good sportsmanship," or something of the sort. But if Lieutenant Ellis has to play it out in the vocabulary of the game-of-life boys, I have easy talents as a rotten sport, and, in the most pertinent vocabulary to come to mind, I say it stinks.

It is, to be sure, a tricky business to land a modern jet fighter on a carrier deck; so tricky that one in every so many landings is bound to go wrong. Nevertheless, Lieutenant Ellis has demonstrated the delicacy of his touch to the satisfaction of an examining board, as he has demonstrated the firmness of his purpose to all the world. Nor has it been demonstrated that the Navy has anyone better qualified for carrier operations. Nor, I must believe, is qualification the point. The Official Voice is simply taking cover against the possibility that one of those bad landings might be made by Lieutenant Ellis.

For if that landing is made by any other pilot in the Navy, the brass will have nothing on its hands but a case of operational percentages. If, on the other hand, it is made by Lieutenant Frank Ellis, then the desk jockey responsible

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for giving him that clearance is immediately guilty of bad judgment.

In bureaucratic logic, bad judgment is any decision that can lead to embarrassing questions, even if the decision was itself right. Therefore take cover. No man with an eye on a career can afford to be right when he can manage to be safe. The desk jockey who cut Lieutenant Ellis down to Group III knew what he was doing, all right. And he had his public relations vocabulary all primed for it. But in my vocabulary he was avoiding the only valorous decision he could have made in honor of a valorous man, whereby all of us have one less assurance overhead.

Covering Up: In the same papers from which I was clipping the reports on Lieutenant Ellis and the top brass, there came up that business of the B-26s that kept losing their wings in Viet Nam. Buckling planes are, of course, bad public relations. Even worse, they can lead to embarrassing questions. In this case, however, the embarrassing questions were already being asked and all that was left—was the whitewash bucket. I found it being given a real workout in Laurence Barret's Washington report to the *Herald Tribune* for May 14, 1964, a report I guess to be a nearly straight handout by the Defense Department, full of confused and confusing quotes by a Mr. Zuckert who was doubletalking for Secretary McNamara.

The B-26s, Mr. Zuckert let it be known, had been "selected with precise mission suitability in view," but "they have now been withdrawn." A man, I suppose, has to be a bit irreverent to wonder how precise their original precision was if it required them to be withdrawn, but let me try being a bit irreverent, just for fear I may someday find myself out of practice.

I think Mr. Zuckert was caught picking his nose and talking through his hat at the same time. There is not a man in the Defense Department, Mr. Zuckert included, who does not know that the B-26 was a flying coffin on the best day it ever saw back in World War II, that twenty years in mothballs have added nothing to the cause.

But a bureaucrat, I suggest in my irreverence, can always afford to let the boys go down so long as no embarrassing questions arise. When such questions do arise, there is only the whitewash bucket left. It does, to be sure, go a long way to covering things up. But not far enough, let me hope. There are still plenty of little bumps showing through the smear and they look suspiciously like nits. My guess is that they will go on hatching vermin as long as doubletalk is the native rhetoric of Federalese. —JOHN CIARDI.

"Happy is he who has been able to
learn the causes of things."
Virgil

The quest for facts which are close to "the causes of things" is a difficult and sometimes frustrating part of our research effort.

Such a quest remains an art. It requires individuals who possess a nicely balanced blend of iron drive and delicate touch. These are the imaginative and perceptive men Virgil described. We think we have some of them working with us.

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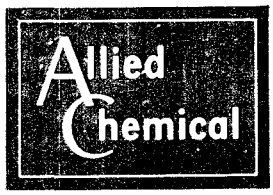

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■ You order your Member Firm broker to buy or sell any number of shares from 1 to 99.

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■ One of the most important features of the odd-lot system is that if you place your order "at the market," meaning the prevailing market price, the dealer executes it at a price based on the first round-lot sale after he receives your order.

For example, if you're selling an odd lot and the round-lot price for 100 shares is under $40 a share, the odd-lot dealer buys your stock for 1/8 of a point (12½¢) a share under that price. If it is $40 or higher, he gives you ¼ of a point (25¢) a share less than the round-lot price. If you were buying, he would sell stock to you and add those figures to the round-lot price. The differential is the only compensation he gets for his service.

■ Counting your broker's regular commission and the odd-lot dealer's differential, the average cost of an odd-lot transaction on the New York Stock Exchange is estimated at just 1½% of the total amount involved. The percentage is higher for small orders, lower for big orders.

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Saturday Review
June 13, 1964

Position Papers–1964

The Case for the Southern Progressive

By Ralph McGill

This is the third in a series of position papers by leading spokesmen whose voices figure prominently in the Presidential campaign of 1964. The author of the following position paper is Ralph McGill, publisher and former editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, a winner of the Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing, and author of the recent *The South and the Southerner*. Previous articles in this series were published February 29 (Arthur Larson on liberal Republicanism) and April 25 (James J. Kilpatrick on Southern conservatism).

ONE of the more melancholy commentaries on conservatism, Southern style, is the company it now keeps. A few examples will illustrate the dilemma. In Arkansas the more ardent Goldwater Republicans prefer Democrat Orval Faubus for governor, rather than Republican Winthrop Rockefeller. Mr. Rockefeller has rendered the state yeoman service. His investments and payrolls are large. He has toiled hard, in all areas of the state, promoting interest in industrial development. His large, well-managed ranch has, by precept and example, stimulated beef production. It attracts thousands of visitors annually. No one denies the soundness, durability, and value of Mr. Rockefeller's contribution to the state. But, alas for him, he has a quietly decent record in race relations. This makes him unpalatable to many members of the state GOP, especially in the eastern section of Arkansas. Mr. Rockefeller is not, by their yardstick, a conservative.

In early May of this year, the last survivors of the conservative Republicans in Georgia, who in 1952 formed an organization that provided meaning and respect previously nonexistent to the state Republican organization, were ousted in a state convention controlled by Senator Goldwater's supporters flying a banner of "true conservatism." Some leaders of 1964 were—not too surprisingly—those whose delegation to the Republican national convention in 1952 had been rejected by the convention. This was a seeming return to the old "Lily White" GOP policies of a generation ago.

In Tennessee "conservatives" shouting for Senator Goldwater assumed control of the organization that twice carried the state for nominee Eisenhower and for Nixon in 1960. For the first time in fifty years, the Tennessee Republican delegation will not include a Negro. In both Georgia and Tennessee, white and Negro leaders said that the Negro had been "read out" of the Republican Party.

FURTHER illustrations of this sort of conservatism, Southern style, exist in abundance. This is by no means to say that all conservatives in the South have a racial bias. But it is to say that those who are most vocal and politically dedicated and who have control of Southern state Republican organizations have such bias or permit it to reveal itself. The conservatives of 1952, who at great personal expense and effort began a true two-party movement in the Southern states, are, with few exceptions, appalled and angry by what seems to them a betrayal of the Eisenhower philosophy. They had won a majority of the Negro vote in 1952 and 1956. In Georgia, they lost it in 1960 after Senator Goldwater made three appearances in the state. These conservatives, ousted by the Goldwater conservatives, wryly and sadly note that at a time the Negro citizen rapidly is attaining the right to vote (registration already is considerable), the "conservatives," Southern style, are making him unwelcome in the Republican party. Georgia's new Republican chairman, from Savannah, admitted as much, saying, "We will make up for it by getting more white votes."

The Southern conservative, especially in business and the professions, who honors the word and who has been proud to wear it as a badge, increasingly finds himself disturbed and alienated by this mutilation of the conservative issue and philosophy.

SENATOR Goldwater flew from the Georgia convention to Bakersfield, California, where he addressed the United Republicans of California. This group is described in that state as an ultra-Republican faction that split off a year ago from the conservative California Republican Assembly because the latter was considered too liberal.

Two features of the Senator's appearance so well fit the pattern of the new and strident "conservatism" as to merit attention. On the platform at Bakersfield the Confederate flag was prominently displayed beside the national flag to welcome the Senator from Arizona. Secondly, the Senator, decrying the civil rights legislation before the Congress, was reported as saying, "You cannot pass a law that will make me like you or you like me. This is something that can happen only in our hearts."

The presence of the Confederate flag at a California ultra-conservative rally for the Senator is not without meaning. One of the lamentable developments of the new Southern conservatism has been the prostitution of the Confederate flag. It has become the property of hoodlum Klan elements, the White Citi-

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zens Councils, and dynamiters of churches and schools. Leather-jacketed toughs fly it from the radio aerials on their hot-rod cars. The Bakersfield conservatives at least gave the flag of their country a place with the Confederate banner. The Senator's fatuous comment about the inability of law to make him like others and others to like him is typical of much of the Southern conservative logic. It is at one with "You can't legislate morals," "You can't legislate equality," "Are you in favor of mongrelizing the races?" and "Civil rights agitation is a Communist plot to take over America."

CIVIL rights legislation is not, of course, aimed at legislating morality. Nor does any section or paragraph of it require that "you like me and I like you." The bill is designed to establish and protect equal citizenship rights, no more, no less. Nowhere in the legislation is there even a hint that the Senator from Arizona at any time will be required to like someone or have them like him. There is no intent to legislate equality, but there is a determination to legislate equal citizenship. Southern conservative extremist groups, in and out of the Congress and in and out of state capitals, have persistently sought to distort the meaning and intent of equal citizenship rights by insisting that it invades the field of private social life and attempts to "legislate morality."

Even more dangerous and reckless is the segregationist program of declaring the civil rights campaign to be a Communist plot, conceived by Communists and executed by Communists or by their stooges. They were delighted by J. Edgar Hoover's statement that Communists were trying to infiltrate the Negro movements. This has never been a secret. It is the oldest Communist technique—to try to ride any horse of discontent that comes along. The Southerners have forgotten that the Communists also tried to infiltrate the share-cropper and tenant organization of the dreary years of the Great Depression. They made a major effort to exploit Negro suffering and discontent in those years. The story of Communist efforts in this decade is not the small success they have had, but Negro resistance to them.

It is one of the dismaying revelations of the mind of the rightist conservatives that they are willing to equate Communism with the various movements seeking the right to vote, to have job opportunity, to attend school, and to eat in a restaurant or stop at a hotel. Communism couldn't manage that sort of propaganda with the aid of a dozen agents. The fact that the White Citizens Councils, Klans, some editors, Senators, Congressmen, and commentators on TV and radio daily insist that a drive to join Americans as participating citizens is communistic must puzzle as well as delight the Communist party. But the practice remains and becomes more and more irresponsible.

Passage of civil rights legislation will not, of course, be a panacea. But it will provide a legal base from which to proceed against plain, undeniable injustice. The primary reason that much of the Negro crusade for acceptance as a citizen moved from the courtroom to the sidewalk was quite simple. There was no "law" applicable to the inequity at hand. The first such demonstrations began more than four years ago by students seeking service at lunch counters in variety and department stores. They were able to accomplish a constructive result in a relatively short time, with surprisingly little disorder. They achieved a boycott of sorts. And, perhaps equally important, they revealed the preposterousness of the discrimination.

In the variety stores Negro and white customers were used to standing side by side to make purchases. They could be shoulder to shoulder buying underwear or toothpaste, but they could not walk to the next aisle and shop for coffee or a grilled cheese sandwich at the same counter. This made no sense. The same untenable, deadly parallel was drawn in the department stores where each customer's dollar was invited at every sales table except the one offering food. It is fair to say that a substantial number of operators of these businesses privately were pleased to have the decision forced. They had—or believed it wise—to go through the motions of resistance in order to placate the ancient prejudices before removing the discrimination. When they did, nothing untoward happened.

SO it is with the public accommodations section of the present civil rights act. In most major Southern cities a majority of hotels and the better restaurants and sandwich shops have been desegregated for some time. Rare is one that has suffered any economic loss whatever. A substantial number of those who have not voluntarily removed discriminations privately yearn for the law so that they may have "an excuse."

Here again is an area in which these "conservatives"—politicians, editors, and Klans and White Citizens Councils—who declare the rights bill to be destructive of private property rights are themselves likely to be the more destructive. It cannot be good for the health of the American enterprise system to equate property rights in the field of public services with injustice and personal affronts through discrimination. A Playboy Club is a private restaurant and cocktail room catering largely to the expense-account trade. A private social club also offers food and drink. But it seems likely that in the last half of the twentieth century events and morality suggest that a public business is public, available to any orderly, properly clad person seeking, and able to pay for, the services publicly offered.

Nor is this concept of public service "new law." There early was brought into the laws of the several states the old English innkeepers' statute that denied a general right to discriminate in turning away travelers. These laws were not widely tested in discriminations growing out of anti-Semitism and race because of their generality—or ignorance of their existence—but they provide a precedent, recognized in Elizabethan times, for the public accommodations

"And I say the world will end my way!"

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legislation in this last half of the twentieth century. Those who insist that public service operators are really private and have a right to discriminate run contrary to the opinion of a majority of restaurant and hotel keepers. They strongly feel that the American system will be heavily eroded if it insists that injustice and ugly discrimination is a "right" of a public entrepreneur.

There is constant mourning in the dovecotes of those who profess to believe in federalism but who resist the changes necessary to maintain it. They fret about what James Madison would think of today's amended Constitution. They are obviously regretful that the "general welfare" section of the Constitution has been so well used. Their text is the free citizen in a free society. But moves to make the Negro a free citizen in a free society are opposed because, they insist, the Constitution forbids it. Therefore, regretfully, say these Southern conservatives, we must wait. When those who have waited almost a century move to the sidewalk and, out of frustration and resentment, make unwise decisions, such as the World's Fair stall-in that failed, an excess of piety is added to the always constant flow of that commodity.

All attempts to make the American pledge of equality of citizenship an actuality is decried as "centralism." Some 5,000,000 citizens in the long-isolated Southern Appalachians, their livelihood gone because their natural resources of timber, coal, and minerals have been ruthlessly exhausted or are now obtained largely by mechanization, may not be helped because it is "unconstitutional." And anyhow, Americans have become used to "the honeycomb life" and must somehow be made more rugged. This attitude, persistently defended, unquestionably adds to the frustration of Negroes—especially the younger ones. But more than that, it gives aid and comfort to the Black Muslims. It encourages the Communists to step up their efforts to infiltrate the movements so frustrated.

Those who profess to be willing to give the Negro citizen equal rights, to understand the needs produced by extreme poverty and the imperative demands for movement in area redevelopment, but who sadly declare it cannot be done because the Constitution doesn't permit, rarely mention Thomas Jefferson. He may have been the best authority of all.

Jefferson's message to the Congress in 1806 proposed a program of national development. A surplus was in prospect and he suggested using it to pump-prime a tremendous long-term plan of digging canals, draining and dredging rivers to make them navigable,

"... 'in the counting house, counting out his money,' ha!"

and constructing roads and communications in general. In his dream, too, was the establishment of a great national university by the federal government.

The question was asked, "Could this be done under the Constitution?"

Jefferson replied he would move, three years in advance, to amend the Constitution if necessary. That he had also in mind use of the general welfare clause is obvious. That he so acted when, lacking any constitutional authority, he made the Louisiana purchase is undisputed.

IN 1806 Jefferson, the strict constructionist, told the nation that he did not think the nation could, or should, be kept forever in the straitjacket of the original constitutional restraints. Jefferson said the Constitution was not a fetish to be worshiped and made sacrosanct against change, but an instrument of service to the nation, to be changed when changed conditions demanded change in the national interest or for progress.

That was 1806. Today, in 1964, there are petty, niggling constructionists who invoke technicalities and ghosts to sustain a strained and narrow conservatism. They attempt to make a fetish of the Constitution, declaring it to be sacrosanct and not subject to change. These persons are perhaps as dangerous to the validity of the Constitution as are the totalitarian groups who openly would destroy it. Those who would deny, in the name of the Constitution, an equal sharing of citizenship rights, who would stop a war on poverty and prevent urban and area redevelopment, who would oppose all programs designed to improve the general welfare of the country by a narrow interpretation of the Constitution, certainly would bring that noble and flexible document into jeopardy.

The political effect of racist conservatism is, at this writing, not yet jelled. Alabama and Mississippi are the major centers of the "independent elector" chimera. This is old stuff with those two states. It was Alabamians, led by Bull Connor, recently in the news of Birmingham's race riots, who created the Dixiecrat party in 1948. In 1956, some electors went off the reservation. There is a chance that Mississippi, prisoner of the White Citizens Councils, may not do

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so in 1964, but the odds are she will. Alabama belongs, for the present, to Governor George Wallace, who is working in a manner somewhat reminiscent of the late Huey Long to solidify his hold on the grass roots of his state. Louisiana also has third-party or independent-elector pains, wholly because of the race issue.

Even if Senator Goldwater is nominated, it is doubtful that Alabama would give him her electoral vote. In 1960 Mississippi cast hers for Virginia's Senator Byrd. Six of Alabama's electors bolted the nominees. Louisiana, for all her official commitment to segregation, should be kept in line by the influence of Senator Russell Long and others of that faction. As of this writing, Virginia and Florida are the two Dixie states where the Goldwater strength might give him a victory. But these are by no means sure. Senator Byrd has not made up his mind in Virginia. And Florida will be close.

Insistence by Goldwater Republicans on holding hands with the worst racist elements, and in frankly bouncing the Negro from the party in Georgia and Tennessee, will produce reaction. A surprising number of Southerners are uninformed about Negro registration. Behind the clamor of sit-ins, demonstrations, and protests, the Negro, where the opportunity is present, has been registering to vote.

A Voter Education Project, supported by local and national organizations interested in remedying the effect of disfranchisement in eleven Southern states, showed a net gain of 327,000 new Negro voters from April 1, 1962, to December 31, 1963. A later estimate, as of March 31, added about 220,000 to that total. The drive ended April 30. It is likely that well over 400,000 voters were obtained by the VEP project. They, of course, must be placed with those who registered on their own.

Negro registration at year's end was estimated at 1,751,818. It now tops 2,000,000. This is about 40 per cent of the 1960 Census count of 5,016,100 Negroes of voting age. It is also about 15 per cent of an estimated total registration in the eleven Southern states of 14,295,420.

In Alabama, where Department of Justice injunctions have eliminated some of the barriers to Negro qualification, registration has made good gains in Birmingham and in central Alabama. Resistance continues in the Black Belt areas. (The Black Belt is so called not because of Negro population but because of the black belt of soil.) In Louisiana and South Carolina significant gains have been made. Only in Mississippi are there determined tactics of preventing registration. Out of about 422,000 Negroes eligible to vote, only about 28,000 have managed to register.

Other Southern states also report substantial gains. This is especially true in North Carolina, Florida, Texas, and Georgia. This march to the ballot will not halt. Mississippi and those communities in Alabama that still seek to evade the law and the Constitution eventually will be required to obey. A steadily increasing Negro vote is in the future of the Southern demagogue and racist, the Senate filibusterers, and office seekers at the local level who oppose the legitimate aspirations of the Negro citizen and who delay the industrial and educational advancement of the region.

For years those who have helped disfranchise the Negro have evoked the specter of a bloc vote. There is ample evidence to prove that the Negro vote is not necessarily a bloc. In local elections in Atlanta, for example, the Negro vote has gone for some Negro candidates and against others. The fact is that the Negro votes like any other voter. When his interests are at stake he may vote in a bloc—but no more so than labor or the farm bloc.

The Negro has been voting long enough in the South to demonstrate that he is a good friend of the more able and competent candidates. He becomes, therefore, an asset to improved government. This is not surprising. The Negro has been a victim of bad government for so long that he instinctively looks for improvement.

THERE will be more Negroes elected to local offices. Georgia has had its first modern state senator. His conduct in office has broken down much of the prejudice and fear that were a part of his election. In Tuskegee, Alabama, home of the famous Tuskegee Institute founded by Booker T. Washington, a federal court decision eliminated a vicious and cynical gerrymander and also enjoined slowdown evasions by registrars. There is a Negro majority. Negro candidates have been chosen to contend for office. Some will be elected. Faculty members at Tuskegee are included among the candidates. Great care was taken in selecting contestants. Each is superbly well educated and prepared. They will receive a fair share of white votes.

Passage of the civil rights legislation and the surge of the Negro to the ballot will provide a very real emancipation for the South and the Southerner. The Southern politician of intelligence and ability will be able to serve his nation and state. He will not find it necessary to truckle to the worst elements of prejudice to hold his place. In the years since Reconstruction many Southerners have gone to the Senate who were first-rate men, worthy to be considered as Presidential nominees. They could not be, because, to remain in office, they had to satisfy the worst in their states, not the best. A civil rights bill and the increasing Negro vote will free future candidates. Rights legislation will be resisted in some areas, but in time it will move the protests from the sidewalks to the courthouse. Business will be more willing to come to the South. Emancipation of the Southerner and his region is a sure development of the future.

Once that emancipation is had, the South, which has a truly large, varied, and positive contribution to make to the nation in the field of industry and the human condition, will be able to abandon its historic negative base and enter the mainstream of national life with strength and purpose.

"Watch—in a minute we'll know if it's possible to smoke peanut butter."

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MEMOIR OF A MISSION

ARA and Herbert Hoover in the USSR, 1921-23

By HENRY C. WOLFE, *a writer and lecturer on international affairs.*

MANY people today are encouraged, and rightly so, by the growing range and frequency of meetings between Americans and Russians. No day passes without its share of gatherings, both here and in the Soviet Union, of businessmen, scientists, agricultural experts, industrialists, students, and ordinary tourists. Yet there remain, in the minds of many people, serious doubts about how much real good all these meetings can do. May there not be, they seem to wonder, some fundamental difference between citizens of the two countries that makes it all but impossible to have any genuine and lasting meeting of minds?

My own answer is that there is not. And all one needs to do in order to see one strong piece of evidence is consider a historic cooperative venture that has had a lasting effect on Soviet-American relations.

This venture was mentioned in an editorial in this magazine last November 9. The editorial described, as a hopeful portent, a toast to former President Herbert Hoover offered by a farmer in the Caucasus mountains. The reason for that toast, although far in the past, has special relevance to present doubts about the ability of Americans and Russians to work together.

It is more than forty years now since Mr. Hoover's American Relief Administration (ARA), of which I was a member, completed its mission of mercy in the famine-stricken Soviet Union. Most of the beneficiaries of American relief are gone; many children whose lives were saved through our relief kitchens perished later in World War II. Yet there are people in the USSR who remember America's help to the Russians in the time of their greatest suffering, still others who have been told about it by grateful relatives and friends. The man who proposed the toast to Mr. Hoover lives in a region which was not among those hardest hit by the famine. Nevertheless he reminded his American guest that he and his fellow Russians have not forgotten our response to their call for help.

When, in the summer of 1923, the ARA (pronounced *Ahrah* by the Russians) had completed its work, the Soviet government gave a banquet for us in the Kremlin. In one of the speeches, Lev Kamenev, acting president of the Council of Peoples Commissars, told us: "Thanks to the tremendous, utterly unselfish efforts of the ARA, millions of people of all ages were saved from death, and whole villages and even cities were saved from the terrible catastrophe that was threatening them." The people of the Soviet Union, Mr. Kamenev continued, would "never forget the help given them by the American people through the ARA, seeing in it a pledge for the future friendship of both peoples."

Americans have almost forgotten the work of the ARA. Diplomatic clashes between Washington and Moscow, propaganda campaigns, the cold war—even the threats of hot war—have dominated the public mind and caused many people throughout the world to think of Americans and Russians as irreconcilable enemies. In the climate of mutual antagonism, the harmonious contacts of 1921-23 were dimmed in American memories. Many of us veterans of the ARA mission feared that the Russians, too, had forgotten the hopes of lasting Russian-American friendship and cooperation voiced in 1923. The Caucasus toast is a heartening reminder that those pledges of amity are still remembered.

For Americans who are not familiar with the background of this era of close Russian-American relations, a brief account of the Russian famine and American aid to the sufferers may help put the toast to Mr. Hoover in clearer perspective. According to Sir Philip Gibbs, who was an eye-witness of our work: "History will record it as the greatest campaign of relief and international charity ever attempted or achieved."

This is how it came about: By the spring of 1921, the Russians had endured almost seven years of world war, two revolutions, foreign interventions, blockade, and civil wars. Their bread baskets—the Ukraine and the Volga valley—had been fought over in the civil conflicts and harried by the various armed forces. The Ukrainian city of Elizavetgrad, for instance, had twenty-eight governments in five years.

Normal food reserves had been depleted during World War I, when millions of peasants were taken off the land and sent to the front. During the civil wars White, Red, and Green armies battled back and forth across the countryside. In the Volga province of Samara, Czech legions joined in the fighting. Each military group lived off the land, their ruthless "iron brooms" (armed squads) sweeping away whatever food reserves they could find.

During the summer and fall of 1920 insufficient rain had fallen in the Volga valley and the Ukraine. Winter brought only light snow. When the ground thawed in the spring of 1921, there was deep foreboding among the peasants, but they scraped together whatever seeds they had managed to hoard and planted them. As the days passed, no rain fell. By early summer the rich black earth of the Volga valley was so parched that it looked like asphalt. The few sprouts that appeared were burned up by the scorching sun. Then came devastating hot winds and sandstorms from Siberia and central Asia. The drought has been described as coming out of the "vast steppes of western Siberia, across the trans-Volga plains, like a formless monster moving slowly, and relentlessly destroying the living things in its path."

Streams and even village wells dried up. Crows circled overhead, an ill omen in peasant tradition. One spring night a wolf stole into the village of Moiseevka and killed and devoured a dog in the street. That meant that game was dying out from thirst and hunger. By early summer peasants were tearing straw roofs off houses of the dead to feed their famished animals. By late summer many villages had eaten all their dogs and cats. Eventually, some of the people resorted to cannibalism.

THEIR food gone, desperate peasants started a blind trek toward central Russia. All through the Volga valley they trudged along dusty roads under the pitiless blank sky, choking up rail centers in their headlong flight from starvation. Filthy and vermin-infested, the refugees—many mere specters—spread disease and fear in the towns and cities where they congregated. In the face of famine, epidemics, and mass migration, the local authorities were helpless.

Although the Western world heard rumors of starvation and pestilence in Russia, there was little first-hand information. The Soviet Union still stood at bay behind the *Cordon Sanitaire*. On

(*Continued on page* 66)

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The Man on Pennsylvania Avenue

THE President of the United States lives at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C., and his telephone number used to be a patriotic NAtional 8-1414 until digit dialing ruined it. He may be re-elected to a second four-year term but, under the so-called FDR amendment, cannot remain for a third or fourth term. Perhaps this is just as well, because the White House is beyond doubt the coldest, most formidable, most austere residence in the world, even Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace not excepted. One notices that our Presidents get away from it whenever they can. The President of the United States earns a salary of $100,000 annually, which is taxable, plus $50,000 annually for expenses incidental to his office, plus $40,000 for travel. Congress provided in 1958 lifetime pensions of $25,000 a year for ex-Presidents and $10,000 for their widows. We now have three living ex-Presidents, Hoover, Truman and Eisenhower.

By contrast, the Vice President of the United States receives only $35,000 annually, plus $10,000 for expenses. Naturally, no Vice President can break even, because the office of V.P. is one of the largest on Capitol Hill; and since his assistants are not on the government payroll they must be paid by the V.P. himself, one way or another. By act of Congress in 1947, the Vice President becomes President if the President dies (or something else unforeseen happens to him), and if the V.P. dies, the Speaker of the House then becomes President; then come the President Pro Tem of the Senate, and the Cabinet, starting with Secretary of State. This Presidential succession is by no means an academic matter in the atomic age, for it is conceivable that one bomb might wipe out the top half-dozen men eligible to be President of the U.S.

No person except a natural-born citizen is eligible for the office of President. He must be thirty-five years of age, have been fourteen years a resident within the U.S., and he cannot, of course, become President if he is a naturalized citizen. He must have been born an American, though the Constitution puts it as "*natural* born," not "*native* born." No test has ever been made of this wording. There's the rather amazing story of Chester A. Arthur, who may well have been born in Canada, just across the border of Vermont, but later claimed U.S. citizenship. In any case, Arthur's parents were both U.S. citizens, and that is what the Constitution undoubtedly means when it says "natural" rather than "native" born.

THE Constitution does not say that, by tradition, our Presidents are white Protestants. John F. Kennedy finally broke the last prerequisite in 1960, and the day will come, of course, when a non-white American will be our President. All but five of our thirty-five Presidents have been of British Isles descent, if you'll include the whole of Ireland in the British Isles. Most of them have been English-Irish-Scots. The five exceptions were the two Roosevelts, who were Dutch; Van Buren, who was also Dutch; Hoover, who was Swiss and German; and Eisenhower, who was German and Swiss.

The great majority of our Presidents have been Episcopalians and Presbyterians. Harding and Truman were Baptist; Coolidge was a Congregationalist; the Adamses, Fillmore, and Taft were Unitarians; Polk, Johnson, Grant and McKinley were Methodists; and a scattered few have been Dutch Reformed, Disciples of Christ, Quaker, and Roman Catholic. No person of Jewish faith has yet been elected, but logically, one day, we shall leave behind all bigoted nonsense and vote, as we did in 1960, to widen the eligibility, which will, one day, also include non-whites.

WE have had only one bachelor President, James Buchanan, and the less we say about him the better. Either Buchanan or John Tyler was, in most historians' minds, our poorest President, though Warren Harding is the choice of some and Ulysses S. Grant of others.

Many Presidents have died in office, three of them dead from assassins' bullets within a span of only thirty-six years (Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley) and a fourth last year. Others to die as President were William Henry Harrison, who lasted only a few weeks in the White House; Zachary Taylor (who was succeeded by Fillmore); Harding (who was succeeded by Coolidge), and FDR, whom Truman succeeded.

Luckiest of all our Presidents probably was Calvin Coolidge, who said fewer words and took fewer actions than any other President (purposely, of course, for he detested government interference in anything). Coolidge was lucky because he was sworn in as President in a Vermont farmhouse by kerosene lamplight by his own father, the local Justice of the Peace. This nostalgic and typically American rural setting would, one day later, have vanished completely, for Coolidge was to have left that night to spend the weekend in the home of Andrew Mellon, the Pittsburgh billionaire.

In any case, the man on Pennsylvania Avenue is the most important human being in the world and his selection should be the most serious step taken by the American people. In the national political conventions just ahead we shall hear and see much nonsensical byplay and many extraneous words but, until someone comes along with a better method of openly selecting the nominees, these quadrennial gatherings of the major parties are the most democratic yet devised and, in the long run, under the glaring spotlight of national television, a searching and representative method of selecting the people's champions for the great tournament climax November 3. —R.L.T.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Publishers and Wall Street

I AM NOT SURE I understand all the reasons why "Wall Street's recent whirlwind romance with Publishers' Row is waning," as William Jovanovich asserts in his article "When Publishers Go Public" [*SR*, May 16], but I am happy to read that it's finally happening.

Those of us who remember the old days when both books and magazines were piloted by men and women with a deep, unshakable pride in their craft do not like to see publishing firms taken over by the wheeler-dealers, infatuated with their corporation complex and enchanted with the sounds made by the analyst, the consultant, the pollster, and the lawyer.

The clutter of undistinguished and indistinguishable magazines now on the stands provides stark evidence of the fact that editor, writer, and reader alike suffer when the smart operators try to stamp their cold, impersonal, production-line imprint on the publishing scene. But I often wonder if the publishers themselves are not to blame for turning their houses into an economic red-light district where anything goes if the price is right.

BILL BENNETT.

Muskegon, Mich.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"Tell Mr. Carnegie that I'm here from the library to get an overdue book and collect a fine of $1.27."

Sweet Shapes of Success

CHEERS TO KATHARINE KUH and her *SR* cohorts for the May 23 issue on design, the cult of mediocrity, etc.—and especially for exposing Robert Moses and his corporate kind at the World's Fair. I was given enough of a tour of the premises before formal opening to realize that many causes and concerns that so many of us share and do battle for were to catch it full in the chest again. The trouble is that each recovery seems to take longer than the last, and more and more victims settle for the fact of things as they are, rather than for things as they ultimately must be for the salvation of us all.

RUAL ASKEW,
Art Critic,
Dallas *Morning News.*

Dallas, Tex.

WALTER DORWIN TEAGUE points out, rightly, that good design is prevalent in sports items, and his trained eye gives him a natural bias toward them. He leaves me dumbfounded, though, when he gives a completely irrelevant reason for the affinity between sporting goods and design excellence.

If we can avoid semantic difficulties over the term "talent," I would like to suggest that the amount of talent applied to a design problem is unrelated to the chances for achieving beauty. I'm sure that the design staff for the Karmann Ghia would have been lost in any of the Detroit plants that were cranking out the worst of the tailfins when this little beauty was born.

Sporting goods reflect good design because their competitive purpose permits nothing else. Sporting goods evolve toward beauty because the design effort is directed toward perfecting their performance. Line or mass that does not fit the function is eliminated. The beauty of competition equipment reflects the balance, rhythm, and dynamics of the sport for which it was made. This is the same design principle found in nature. A thing looks as it does in nature because it performs its function best with that shape, and the more perfectly it performs its function, the more beautiful it appears.

I can think of no piece of sporting equipment designed for competition that is not a thing of beauty.

HARVEY C. PAIGE.

Alexandria, Va.

I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL how thrilled I was to find my Carlsberg beer bottle design included by Mr. Teague in his article on "The 20 Best Industrial Designs Since World War II." This project was one of my first design assignments and represents something about which I had felt strongly for a long time. What's fun is to see that other people now are sharing my own enthusiasm for the approach. I appreciate the honor.

RICHARD C. RUNYON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Philippine Progress

IN THE EDITORIAL "Education on Their Minds" [*SR*, May 23], N.C. has shown an understanding and appreciation of the educational aspirations of the Filipino. These people have always shown a thirst for knowledge and a keen desire for a better understanding of the English language.

As far back as thirty years ago, I vividly remember passing a small schoolhouse in a Luzon Barrio, which had a large sign in front of it: "Speak English and Talk to the World." It would be most difficult for the Filipino to set aside the English language.

Many Americans are surprised to learn that from the southern Zamboanga to the northernmost Laoag, an American can freely converse in English with Filipinos.

New York, N.Y. LOUIS I. WITKOFF.

The Malady Lingers On

PRIDE OF OWNERSHIP is surely the most worthy of human sentiments. Therefore it is quite appropriate that Messrs. Rosen, Seton & Sarbin ensure through your letters column [*SR*, May 16] that the shining contributions to poetry currently being disseminated by the Beatles be reflected also in the more muted glints of adoration falling upon Northern Songs, Ltd., now revealed as the anointed copyright proprietors.

Yet when protesting their share of glory before a literate audience, their new contribution to exact scholarship could have extended to an acknowledgment of sources. For the most lucrative of the Beatle numbers may boast among its precedents one of the most famous and best-loved of operatic classics. But perhaps no one your correspondent knew could inform him that the aria from Mozart's *Don Giovanni* "La ci darem la mano" becomes, by sufficiently brutal yet correct translation, "I Want to Hold Your Hand."

NORMAN CAZDEN.

Lexington, Mass.

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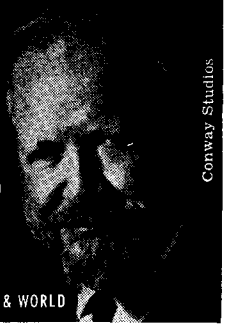
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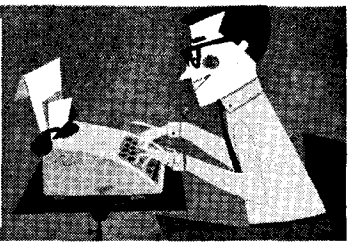

Laugh! I Thought They'd Never Start

THE heading of this column is a joke I made up a long time ago when I was writing the Milton Berle show. And down through my years of writing comedy for radio and television it's come back to haunt me.

The dictionary offers no help at all when it defines a humorist as "one who has a well-developed sense of humor." The problem is that, a sense of humor being such a personal thing, what may seem well-developed to one may seem to be a disaster area to another. A TV reviewer for a New York paper asked an interesting question the other day about a program being reviewed: "Do the one, two, or sometimes three genuinely funny lines the show comes up with each week justify its existence?"

A related question is, of course, "To whom is the line supposed to be genuinely funny?" In that same New York paper appears a joke set in a box as a daily chuckle. I've made a masochistic hobby of clipping these daily jokes and I offer two or three as samples:

OFFICER (at gun practice): Ready! Aim! Fire at will!"
ROOKIE: Which one is Will?"

CUSTOMER: Waiter, this food is terrible. I want to talk to the owner of this restaurant.
WAITER: You can't. He's out to lunch.

SUE: Sally, is your refrigerator running?
SALLY: Yes.
SUE: Well you better go catch it.

These are a few of the better samples. And that writer has only one joke a day to come up with. Of course he doesn't have the problem of wondering whether his audience laughs or not. In the manufacture of a *bon mot* for the mass media of television the problem is the studio audience. Will it laugh? Or in writers' lingo, "Will the joke work?" Of course most television writers who provide humor for filmed shows don't have that problem any more. Thanks to the almighty electronic invention of the laugh machine, which gives bite to the trite and makes the soporific sound terrific, comedy writers are reaping a harvest from this taped tedium of titters, but they are losing the challenge of moving a live audience to laughter and thus slowly but surely lowering the level of their comedic output.

But back to humor. A couple of years ago I was hired to write an hour comedy special on which the TV Guide Awards would be presented. The show starred Judy Holliday, Art Carney, and Dave Garroway. Pretty good talent. And I thought the script matched.

Then the reviews came out. Someone generously and unkindly sent me fifty reviews from across the country. Generously because half the reviews referred to the show as the best comedy of the year. Unkindly because the other

half called it the lowest. Among the half that didn't like it, most of the critics said even the great Judy Holliday couldn't rise above that material. From Miss Holliday herself came a note saying it was the best material she had ever had on any television program. This is what makes writing for television exciting and fun and rewarding and ulcers.

People—everyday people as opposed to professional humorists—love to tell funny stories. They all have the same beginning: "Did you hear the one about—?" Following which usually comes an elongated version of a short, antiquated joke. They are the usually the three-way joke. That is, the first visit to the doctor, then the next visit, and then the final payoff when the doctor says whatever funny thing it is the doctors say. After the joke is told there is always hilarious laughter. From the teller. You begin to wonder for whom you're writing on television.

The other day in a high-rent, good-address hotel, I was in a crowded elevator. As it descended, it stopped at a floor where a nice little old lady was about to enter. She noticed the crowd and said to all present, "Is there enough room for me to squeeze in here?" One of the jovial gentlemen in the elevator replied: "It's all right if you don't squeeze too hard!"

The elevator seemed to come apart at the seams with the laugh that followed this. Go write for that crowd!

—GOODMAN ACE.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Neighbor to the North Makes News

ALFRED A. KNOPF, who has always been a man for large undertakings, calls attention to a new writer, Margaret Laurence, by the simultaneous publication of three of her books. Mrs. Laurence, who was born in Canada, has spent some time with her husband in Africa, and now lives in England, has had a book or two published before; but this is her big splash. A nonfiction book about Somaliland, *New Wind in a Dry Land*, is reviewed on page 33. The other two books are *The Stone Angel* ($4.95) and *The Tomorrow-Tamer* ($4.95). To my mind they are worthy of Mr. Knopf's fanfare.

The Stone Angel is a novel about a ninety-year-old woman, Hagar Shipley. She tells the story herself—or, rather, it is transferred from her consciousness to ours. That is, it is an extended interior monologue, moving back and forth from present to past and past to present, until we are acquainted both with Hagar's history and her contemporary predicament.

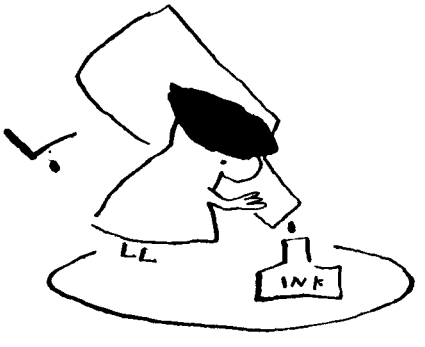
Born in a small town on the Canadian plains—at a date about which Mrs. Laurence presents conflicting evidence—Hagar Weese was the only daughter of a prosperous shopkeeper. Her mother having died at her birth, she was brought up by a housekeeper and by her rigid, domineering, narrow-minded father, who eventually sent her to a finishing school in the East. She destroyed his hopes by marrying a local farmer, a widower, a big, handsome, easygoing man, to whom she bore two sons. Her conflicts with her father, her husband, and her favored younger son are subjects for her reveries.

In the present we see her as a cantankerous old lady, living with her older son, Marvin, and his wife, Doris. Tough, sharp-tongued, full of the will to live, she makes life miserable for poor Marvin and Doris. Sometimes she realizes how difficult she is, and this gives the novel a special poignance. Most of the time, however, she is driven blindly ahead, carrying on her proud quarrel with both God and man. Mrs. Laurence has appropriately chosen as epigraph these lines from Dylan Thomas:

> Do not go gentle into that good night.
> Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

The account of Hagar's past life is clear and credible, but we have read such stories before, and the alternation of present and past becomes rather mechanical. Mrs. Laurence's triumph is in her evocation of Hagar at ninety. We know how great a burden she is for Doris and Marvin, a burden almost beyond their strength, but at the same time we know that she is a heroine. We sympathize with her in her resistance to being moved to a nursing home, in her preposterous flight, in her impatience in the hospital. Battered, depleted, suffering, she rages with her last breath against the dying of the light.

The Stone Angel is a fine novel, admirably written and sustained by unfailing insight, but it is less exciting than *The Tomorrow-Tamer*, a collection of ten stories about present-day Africa. The country in which they are laid, which is in process of transformation from colonialism to independence, is, I suppose, Somaliland. These are not stories to point a political moral or to denounce prejudice. What they do is to evoke the humor, the drama, the pathos, and the tragedy that result when two kinds of civilization are brought together.



Mrs. Laurence sees many facets of the situation. In the first story, for example, "The Drummer of All the World," she introduces a missionary's son who is drawn to the old, traditional ways. Returning to Africa after ten years in England, he finds that the new ways have triumphed: "The old Africa was dying, and I felt suddenly rootless, a stranger in the only land I could call home." Then, on the other hand, there is "The Pure Diamond Man," which pokes fun at an Englishman who is full of romantic ideas about primitive Africa. Another humorous story, "The Perfume Sea," shows what strange forms adapta-

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tion can take: an Armenian hairdresser, abandoned by the white ladies who were once his support, succeeds when he advertises, "African Ladies a Speciality."

In "The Merchant of Heaven" Mrs. Laurence portrays the dismay of a missionary when he learns what Africa is like—a theme that has often been treated before but which she treats with fresh subtlety. The title story describes an African born in the most primitive sort of society who succeeds in making what seems to be a successful adjustment to technology, only to be destroyed by the conflict of old and new. The story suggests that, though the new is bound to triumph, the old will survive for a long time.

Unusual varieties of conflict are explored. An African girl who has been educated in England is enrolled in a missionary school in the land of her parents, where she is utterly miserable. "Godman's Master" is a grotesque account of an eccentric sort of adjustment. "The Voices of Adamo" is a tragedy of misunderstanding. "A Gourdful of Glory" is both robust comedy and a sardonic comment on the inevitability of disillusionment.

Mrs. Laurence has a style that permits her to make the most of her knowledge of Africa. Here, for example, is part of a description, too long to quote in full, of a small town "growing sluggish under the sedative sun of late morning":

> Pariah dogs on the road snarled over the corpse of a cat; then panting, tongues dribbling, defeated by sun, they crawled back to a shaded corner, where their scabrous hides were fondled by an old man in a hashish dream. Footsteps on the cracked and scorching pavement lagged. Even the brisk shoes of white men slackened and slowed. The market women walked tiredly, their head-trays heavy, their bare feet pressing the warm dust into ripples and dunes. Babies slung on their mothers' backs allowed their heads to loll forward and whimpered at the sweat that made sticky their faces. A donkey brayed disconsolately. Voices droned low. Laughter like melted honey poured slowly.

But more important than the author's ability to give the reader a sense of the country is her insight into its people, black and white. Although she clearly has great sympathy for the natives, she does not plead their cause. She simply makes us see them as they are, in all their bewildered complexity. Each story is built upon an insight, and each is so constructed and written that the insight comes to the reader as a kind of revelation. This is indeed a writer to be welcomed. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

The Case of the Improper Imprint

IT IS irony of the highest order that a book secretly subsidized by the United States government should be called *The Strategy of Deception.* For those who came in late, this "Study in World-Wide Communist Tactics," as it is subtitled, was submitted to Farrar, Straus through the magazine *The New Leader,* whose staff undertook editorial preparation and supervised translation of material taken from foreign sources. Roger Straus, president of the publishing company, liked what he saw; and he liked, too, the idea that the U.S. Information Agency had indicated an interest in buying copies for overseas distribution.

A contract for publication was drawn up with the book's editor, Professor Jeane J. Kirkpatrick of Trinity College, Hartford, and *Strategy* was duly published last November. It received generally favorable reviews, and has sold to date about 4,000 copies. USIA bought another 2,000 copies to distribute abroad. Even better, the Book-of-the-Month Club has made the volume one of its midsummer "special alternates."

Then, last month, USIA disclosed, under prodding by Representative Glenard P. Lipscomb, Republican from California, that it had secretly spent $14,952.10 to have *Strategy* developed. "Neither the copies being distributed overseas nor [the] several thousand already sold in this country indicate in any way that a government subsidy financed the book's preparation," a dispatch from the Washington Bureau of the New York *Times* informed its readers. Mr. Straus, like a good Caesar's wife, professed to be the last to find out. The book, he declared, was accepted for publication entirely on its merits.

Since *The Strategy of Deception* is a serious and scholarly work, and certainly nothing to be ashamed of, why did the USIA not bring out its own edition through the Government Printing Office? There are two reasons, and neither of them reflect much credit on the USIA. First, the agency was apparently trying to conceal from Congress the fact that funds were being used to subsidize material for domestic distribution. (Authorizing legislation forbids this.) Second, USIA needed the imprimatur of a private publisher in order to play a more effective role overseas. Government-sponsored material is, quite naturally, oftentimes suspect as "propaganda."

Assuming that all this is permissible as a Cold War tactic, does such a policy justify concealing from American readers the government's financial interest in the book? We think not. Apart from the question of legality—and this, apparently, was Representative Lipscomb's chief interest in the matter—there is also the not inconsiderable question of ethics. Bear in mind that not even 10¢ of the USIA's editorial expenditure went directly to Farrar, Straus. Assume that the amount paid to *The New Leader* for "pulling the manuscript together" was honestly earned. And remember that this is no crude brainwashing job, but a genuine contribution on an important subject. Isn't there still a gray area in which the Government has breached the good faith of the publisher, and the publisher, in turn, the good faith of its customers?

When this department's truth squad posed the problem to Mr. Straus, he admitted that the wicket was pretty sticky. Did he have any plans for including, in future printings of the book, a note identifying the USIA's participation? "Absolutely not." Would the Noonday Press paper back reprint carry such a label? "It will not."

If Farrar, Straus's contract with the government for the purchase of books in bulk is similar to other contracts of this type that we know about, Mr. Straus has no choice. There is a clause that prohibits the publisher from revealing USIA's commitment to buy.

Farrar, Straus has by no means set

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a precedent. *The Strategy of Deception*—again ironically—simply happens to be the book that got caught. For some years now, government money has quietly been used to encourage the publication of books on subjects that will reassure our allies and make our foes envious. Many of these are on American life and culture; a good example is the series of forty-eight-page, pamphlet-type publications put out by the University of Minnesota Press on American authors. In cases of this sort, government commitment to purchase a certain number of copies virtually guarantees the cost of publication.

But what is dangerous is that USIA reserves a veto power over the finished product. It is entitled to approve the choice of author before the manuscript is written, and to reject the book if it does not like what has been said. This right has been used sparingly, but it is censorship nevertheless. And to the argument that the publisher is still free to publish the book, what publisher wants to alienate his biggest customer?

If *The Strategy of Deception* did not set a precedent, it does involve a principle. In my opinion, no democratic government should, at any time, for any reason, smuggle information, however valid, through channels which by long tradition have come to be regarded as independent. Publishing cannot afford to be compromised, and the people do not deserve to be hoodwinked, even in their own interests. Let the buyer beware, and let the USIA stick to its overseas operations—or at least stick its neck out locally. To gain for democracy the faith of Asians (let us say) at the cost of losing the faith of Americans is a poor bargain.

And speaking of this subject, just how much of a bargain is *Strategy* for everyone concerned? In an extremely minuscule, but highly significant, degree, the man who buys this book pays for it twice: once to his bookseller, and once to the tax collector. Nor was it a very good show, economically, for the government. At $3.60 per copy (wholesale price), it spent $7,200 for the lot of 2,000. Add to this the $14,952.10 editorial subsidy and you get $22,200, which works out to about $11 per copy. That's pretty expensive propaganda.

The USIA has asked the House Appropriations Subcommittee for $195,000 for "book development" during the coming fiscal year—up $105,000 from 1963-64. As honeypots go in Washington, this is a small one; yet the least that publishers can do is to insist that they be allowed to tell their readers, even in small print, that a subvention is involved. Is this too much to ask?

—David Dempsey.

Bookstores and Blizzards

The 1964 Amy Loveman Award

A SENIOR at Ohio State University who has been on three expeditions to Antarctica has been named the 1964 winner of the Amy Loveman Award, given annually for the best personal library collected by an undergraduate at an American college or university. This year's award of $1,000 goes to John R. T. Molholm of East Cambridge, Massachusetts, for his collection of 131 books on the polar regions.

The judges of the 1964 contest, who gathered recently to study the sixty-odd entries submitted by students all over the country, were particularly impressed by the wide range of Mr. Molholm's collection. As one of them said afterward, "The collection represents virtually a lifelong interest in polar exploration. It's extremely rare to find such scope in a student's library."

The Amy Loveman Award is sponsored annually by *Saturday Review*, the Book of the Month Club, and the Women's National Book Association. It was established to honor the late Amy Loveman, who was for many years an associate editor of *SR*, a judge of the Book of the Month Club, and a prominent member of the Women's National Book Association. Judges for this year's contest were Basil Davenport, of the Book of the Month Club board; Richard L. Tobin, managing editor of *SR*; Mrs. Mary Anne Malkin, of the *Antiquarian Bookman*; and Dr. William Williamson, librarian of the Butler Library at Columbia University.

Mr. Molholm, who is majoring in geology at Ohio State and is scheduled to receive his degree next December, went to Antarctica once with a U.S. International Geophysical Year group in 1957-58 and twice with parties from Ohio State's Institute of Polar Studies—in 1960-61 and 1961-62. Explaining to the award judges the development of his curiosity in books on exploration, he wrote: "I first became interested in the polar regions when I was in the sixth grade. One of my teachers read to us the letters which she received from her brother, who was with Admiral Byrd in the Antarctic. As a result of these letters, I started to take polar books out of the school library. When my parents noticed my interest they gave me books on polar exploration by various explorers. I began to collect my own library when my mother took me with her to second-hand bookstores. When at eighteen I took part in my first polar expedition to northern Greenland, my early interest in polar literature was intensified."

Mr. Molholm's penchant for book collecting is no sometime thing, but an activity he pursues even when on expeditions far from the campus. "In my travels around the world," he says, "one of the first places I will visit in any new city is its bookstores. This reminds me of an incident in Sydney, Australia. After a day or two of book browsing and collecting, I was back aboard ship for dinner. One of our senior scientists, who also collected polar literature, said to me that he had gone to various bookstores and inevitably heard, 'I am sorry, sir, but a young American was here yesterday and . . .' "

A few of Mr. Molholm's entries in the annotated bibliography submitted for the contest suggest the variety of the volumes in his collection: *Into the Home of the Blizzard*, by Richard E. Byrd (privately printed, 1928)—"a brief explanation, for private circulation, of the goals of the first Byrd expedition to the Antarctic in 1928"; *Antarctic Days*, by James Murray and George Marston (1913)—"The homely side of polar exploration is told by two of Sir Ernest Shackleton's men"; *Igloo Life*, collected by Revillon Frères (privately printed, 1923)—"a short illustrated account of a primitive Eskimo tribe living on Hudson Bay"; and *Adrift in the Ice-Fields*, by Charles W. Hall (1877).

Despite his award, Mr. Molholm has no thought of resting on his laurels. He's already off on more exploratory expeditions to bookstores, prowling around in search of elusive volumes to fill the chinks in his library. And, judging by the record so far, sooner or later he'll come across the missing books.

—J.F.F.

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The Long Road to Red Square

***The Life and Death of Lenin**, by Robert Payne (Simon & Schuster. 672 pp. $8.50), dramatizes the drive to power and philosophical development of the founder of Soviet communism. Philip E. Mosely, director of the European Institute of Columbia University, wrote "The Kremlin and World Politics."*

By PHILIP E. MOSELY

SINCE completing his penetrating earlier studies of Russia, which include *The Terrorists* and *Dostoyevsky: A Human Portrait*, Robert Payne has been searching into the life, thought, and action of Nikolai Lenin from his earliest years to his belated and unsuccessful attempt to retrieve power from Stalin's greedy hands. *The Life and Death of Lenin* is a powerful delineation of the man and the revolutionary leader. Neither superficial nor exhaustive in his treatment of the mass of disputed evidence, Mr. Payne highlights with a sure touch the main line of Lenin's drive to power, selecting the significant details of speech, gesture, and daily life that bring the man and his intimates to life. *The Life and Death of Lenin* will clarify both the political and human realities of the Soviet revolution and of communism for many thousands of readers.

The book probes with unusual effectiveness the Russian sources of Lenin's revolutionary ethos, especially the indirect influence of Nechaev, who, like Lenin, believed that the long-suffering Russian people would be unable to make a revolution unless it was done for them by a tightly organized and ruthless conspiracy of professional revolutionaries. Similarly but more briefly Mr. Payne clarifies the impact on young Lenin of Chernyshevsky, whose *What Is to Be Done?* he proudly took as the title for the most important single statement of his political credo. Native traditions, clearly, were more influential in forming Lenin's revolutionary temperament than the theories of Marx and Engels.

The complex relation between young Vladimir Ulyanov, as Lenin was originally known, and his older brother, Alexander, hanged in 1887 for conspiring to kill Czar Alexander III, is unraveled

—*From the book.*

Lenin in Razliv, August 1917

with remarkable poetic and psychological clarity. Endowed with equal intellectual powers and far more engaging human qualities, Alexander remained in death a rival to be surpassed, not in swimming or croquet or in winning his family's affections, but in revolutionary achievement.

Mr. Payne's biography makes it clear how the desire for revolution and power came to be planted deep in Lenin before he had acquired the historical and theoretical knowledge in which to clothe it. His account shows the contrast, in the years 1887-1893, between Lenin's rather aimless outward existence and the maturing of a remarkable will to political combat. One of the less convincing parts deals with his early years as an obscure lawyer and apprentice revolutionary in Petersburg; for this period the published records are also unusually sketchy and obscure.

Mr. Payne has traced with delicacy and perception the three known love affairs in Lenin's life. Each of these women had superior human and artistic qualities, as well as social assurance, which must have awakened some sense of the values that were otherwise excluded rigorously from the tightly disciplined regime of a revolutionary leader. In caring for them he seemed for a brief time to regard other people's feelings as important in themselves, rather than merely an instrument of his ambition or revolutionary duty.

Many of the later scenes of Lenin's life—the overheated political imagination and quarrels of the exiles, the inglorious role he played in the events of 1905 and 1906, the return to Russia in the German train, the struggle to reshape the Bolshevik faction of 1917 in the image of his own political strategy, the seizure of power, the breakdown of his health—are more familiar. Even here, however, through his artful application of vivid and well-chosen detail, Mr. Payne has recreated the man and the leader more sharply than any professional historian. Where the evidence is unclear, contradictory, or lacking, Mr. Payne usually gives some sense of the texture of the available facts. Only the chapter title "The Murder of Lenin" implies a certainty of evidence that is not borne out in the skilful analysis of what is known. Perhaps Khrushchev's successor will bring to light new and conclusive data on Stalin's role in Lenin's death.

A biographical approach to any shaper of great events tends to paint the central figure oversize. Mr. Payne has tried to avoid this pitfall by quick and well-informed sketches of rival leaders and other forces; on the whole he has been successful. Perhaps out of a sense of poetic symmetry he has, however, exaggerated Lenin's contempt, in his final years, for the political system he had created. Certainly he goes too far in implying that Lenin thought his revolution had been a mistake or a failure. His own arrogant belief in his revolutionary righteousness would not have let him go that far, however weary he became of the bickering over his heritage or however uneasy over the gap his dictatorship had driven between the rulers and their subjects.

> LENIN HAD many sins, but the gravest was a supreme contempt for the human race. Like Marx he possessed an overwhelming contempt for the peasants. . . . But Lenin went beyond Marx. Not only the peasants, but all classes of society were anathema to him—except the proletariat, with which he had almost no contact. He surrounded himself with intellectuals and theoreticians, and he despised them as much as he despised the peasants, for he never found one who was his intellectual equal. His tragedy was that he was never able to sharpen his mind against one morally and intellectually more powerful than his own.
>
> —FROM "THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LENIN."

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Along the Way with LBJ

The Professional: Lyndon B. Johnson, *by William S. White (Houghton Mifflin. 273 pp. $5), pictures the President as nonpareil. Benjamin Bradlee is Washington Bureau chief for Newsweek magazine.*

By BENJAMIN BRADLEE

HALFWAY through this hurried tribute from the Washington correspondent who is closest to the President, William S. White admits to "a quite unashamed personal affection and admiration for Lyndon Johnson." It is one of his few understatements, for in the first 120 pages White has already painted a star-spangled picture of a political paragon without equal in our time.

"A Jeb Stuart with a plume in his hat . . . exquisitely skilled . . . a storm of purpose and activity . . . supremely an activist . . . a controlled hurricane . . . a threshing human dynamo, endlessly curious but also endlessly realistic . . . quickly intuitive and perceptive."

"A man of skill and purpose . . . of an instantaneous tactile sensitivity . . . unanswerable wit . . . high audacity . . . patient fortitude . . . life-long tolerance . . . unexampled skill."

In such steady doses, these are the excesses that stretch credibility to the breaking point—particularly when they surround a conclusion that might otherwise go unchallenged.

"There is not an ounce of demagogy" in Lyndon Johnson, asserts White. Hogwash, as the President himself might well say. There is pound for pound as much demagogy in him as there is in every successful politician, and Lyndon Johnson is a supremely successful politician.

"He has never been careful of his personal image," White continues. Now, really! A man who raced to a TV studio at sixty-five miles an hour to get on the Huntley-Brinkley show "live" with news of the settlement of the railroad strike, called his wife from the car to be sure she would watch, and then stayed on in the studio "to see how Cronkite would handle it"—such a man is not exactly careless of his personal image. Nor should a President be anything but careful of his personal image, if he wishes to have one for very long.

But William White has known Lyndon Johnson and the United States Senate for thirty years—first as an A.P. reporter, next as chief Congressional correspondent for the New York *Times*, and later as a widely respected syndicated columnist—and could perhaps be forgiven his unabashed admiration for both. Just as lawyers make poor witnesses, friends make spotty biographers.

The Professional: Lyndon B. Johnson, however, has two serious defaults that prevent it from becoming a definitive biography of the new President. First, it omits literally anything remotely critical or controversial. There is, for instance, not a single mention of Bobby Baker, the boy wonder from Pickens, South Carolina, who was LBJ's closest associate until his extra-curricular activities came under Senate scrutiny. And there is just one mention of Walter Jenkins, the right-hand *eminence grise*, and that simply recounts an evening the Johnsons spent with the Jenkinses. (There are five references to President Kennedy's right-hand man, Theodore Sorensen—though his name is misspelled "Sorenson" each time.)

And second, White writes in a convoluted style that defies analysis and sometimes understanding. "She [Lady Bird] has not done so by making speeches about it, or by attempting to instruct her restless and proud husband in his duty, but by setting him an example, in the smallest things as well as the largest, of what all this is, finally, about. What it is, finally, about, of course, is the need to live a life, public and personal, of true civility."

Or this: "It also stirred élan throughout the Presidential candidate's efforts all over the nation."

Or this: "It irked him humanly."

Or this: "Johnson, who knew his purposes and Kennedy's purposes a good deal better than his advisers, *as* [correct] persistently insisted upon 'meeting the folks.'"

All this adds up to a hurried tribute, unworthy of the man for whom it is intended.

Floor Plans for Both the Houses

Obstacle Course on Capitol Hill, *by Robert Bendiner (McGraw-Hill. 231 pp. $4.95), and* ***Congress: The Sapless Branch,*** *by Joseph S. Clark (Harper & Row. 268 pp. $4.95), charge a powerful minority within the Senate and House of Representatives with preventing laws from being made. Louis W. Koenig, professor of government at New York University, wrote "The Invisible Presidency."*

By LOUIS W. KOENIG

NEVER before have so many complained so much about the inadequacies of Congress. The two latest writers to subject the labyrinthian processes of Capitol Hill to microscopic scrutiny are Senator Joseph S. Clark, liberal Democrat of Pennsylvania, and Robert Bendiner, former managing editor of *The Nation* and a leading political analyst. Senator Clark's volume is a landmark; he has examined Congress with the informed insights that only a legislator can supply and with a candor no legislator has yet dared employ. His book is sure to displease the powers-that-be on Capitol Hill, thanks to the broad, unflattering shaft of illumination it casts over the mysteries of that place. Applying to Congress his exceptional gift for reducing a complex subject to simple, meaningful terms, Mr. Bendiner, for his part, charts the pitfalls and frustrations of Congressional procedure by following federal school legislation through the maze of futility it has traveled on Capitol Hill.

Congress, which is one of the last important legislative body in the world, is, in the view of both writers, in serious trouble. Its prestige has declined badly, and unless that trend is checked, so, too, will its power. "I have no hesitation in stating," writes Senator Clark, "my deep conviction that the legislatures of America, local, state, and national, are presently the greatest menace in our country to the successful operation of the democratic process."

Congress is a resolutely negative body. Presumably its principal function is to make laws; actually it performs with greater relish and skill a countervailing function: keeping laws from being made. In 1963 the controlling Congressional

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Herblock's comment in the *Washington Post*: "What does he think this is—a legislative body?"

minority, or "Establishment," as Clark calls it, could undertake, by slick use of delaying tactics, to defeat nothing less than President Kennedy's complete program. As 1963 ended, the civil rights bill, which Kennedy had presented at mid-year with the most emphatic urgency, was stuck in the House. His tax bill, to which he had accorded an equally high priority, was becalmed in the Senate Finance Committee. A dozen appropriation bills remained unenacted, a full six months after the fiscal year for which they were intended had elapsed. Congress, as typical when it rejects what the President proposes, failed to substitute anything positive of its own.

Thanks to the committee system and the seniority rule, an effective negative power is vested in a group of elder statesmen who are unrepresentative of dominant public and Congressional opinion. The patriarchs of the Establishment are Senator Richard Russell of Georgia and Representative ("Judge") Howard Smith of Virginia. Its membership, which is heavily Southern and rural, believes in white supremacy, shows more devotion to property than human rights, supports the military Establishment, calls for belligerence in foreign affairs, and stoutly withstands Congressional reform. Establishment members are almost invariably charming, amiable, and popular men who mean to keep the Republic safe from dangerous social and economic innovation.

This year nine of the Senate's sixteen committees are headed by Southerners, leaving, as Bendiner puts it, "six chairmanships for the thirty-nine states not fortunate enough to have been part of the defeated Confederacy." The Establishment's influence rests no little upon the power of the standing committees and their chairmen. It was not the Eighty-seventh Congress that rejected Kennedy's proposal for medical care for the aged; it was the House Ways and Means Committee—by a margin of five votes. By one vote, the same committee refused to permit the House to pass on an extension of unemployment compensation.

The Establishment maintains itself by exerting a variety of pressures upon the legislators. The Congressional electoral campaign committees, which the Establishment also controls, distribute their money with noticeably greater prodigality to candidates who conform to the Establishment's ideological standard than to those who do not. A favorite Establishment pressure is committee assignments, doled out as punishment or reward. In 1963, of fourteen nonfreshman Senators who proposed to weaken the present filibuster rule and applied for new committee seats, only one got what he wanted. Of eight nonfreshman Senators who supported the rule in all its rigidity, seven got what they wanted.

To transform Congress from its negative tendencies into a governmental organ capable of responding to its ponderous twentieth-century tasks, Senator Clark proposes a set of well-deliberated reforms, thoroughly covering its internal workings and relations with other parts of the political order. He aims to change the rules and procedures of both houses so that a majority can act when it wishes. Seniority rule and the committee chairman's arbitrary power would come in for overhauling. He has specific prescriptions for tighter party organization, which hopefully will enable a majority of legislators to decide party policy and enforce party discipline against recalcitrant members. He hopes to substitute cooperation for competition in relations between the houses and between the whole Congress and the President. His proposals for external reforms include a careful reapportionment of state legislatures according to Supreme Court prescription, which in turn would improve Congressional apportionment and help convert the "safe" one-party Congressional district, bastion of the Establishment's power, into a competitive party district. Party competition prompts Congressional candidates to focus more on national, and therefore Presidential, issues. With the same goal, Clark urges four-year terms for Senators and Representatives.

What are the prospects that the dream of a better Congress may come true? Better than we might think. Legislative majorities have in the past rebelled successfully against minority tyranny. Wilson's New Freedom program of social and economic reforms occurred by grace of such a revolt. "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the mighty Speaker, had his autocratic wings clipped by an upsurge led by George Norris. Most important of all, by dint of the elections of 1960 and 1962, the Establishment is markedly weaker than in 1958, and with the increasing migration from farm to city and growing party competition in Congressional elections, the trend will continue against it. Congressional reform is worth fighting for if for no other reason than that the chances for attaining it are good.

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A Dead Dictator Doubles Them Up

***Death as a Way of Life,** by Francisco Ayala, translated from the Spanish by Joan MacLean (Macmillan. 218 pp. $4.95), suggests Dostoevsky in the ironic crises that cause a dictator to topple and be replaced by a junta. Emile Capouya's literary criticism appears frequently in this and other magazines.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

FRANCISCO AYALA is a living classic, and apparently still at the height of his powers. That fact, sufficiently established in the Spanish-speaking world, is now made manifest to our climatures and countrymen by the publication in English of this remarkable novel. *Muertes de perro,* to call the book by its expressive and untranslatable original title, tells its story with the calm ferocity that is one of the characteristic moods of Spanish literature. Simply to mention *Lazarillo de Tormes, Don Quixote,* and the satires of Quevedo is to suggest how well represented in the Spanish literary tradition is the vision of the world as essentially unredeemable—and of men as bound in honor to attempt its redemption. The Spaniard feels personally responsible for the state of the cosmos. The disproportion between his dignity, which demands that he perform great things, and his subjection to the conditional world, generates in him the paradoxical spirit that erupts in savage humor, and engineers appalling confrontations between innocence and depravity, refinement and brutality, ideal order and gross detail.

Formal and ceremonious, the Hispanic peoples of the Old and New World live out a history marked by grotesque outrages against their own sense of propriety. It is no merely wilful imagination that, in this short novel about an unnamed and typical Latin American country, contrives—merely in the foreground—four murders, a suicide, an uncontested rape, and two castrations. And none of this can be shrugged off as Gothic exuberance on Mr. Ayala's part. If, in *Death as a Way of Life,* Senator Rosales is shot down on the steps of the Capitol, that startling scene can be matched by at least two instances from life in the last twenty years. (As I write this, indeed, the newspapers report that a Latin American diplomat, catching up with a political opponent in a traffic jam, managed to put two bullets into him before being restrained.) As for castration, we may well assume that some of the animus and intemperance of the Castro revolution was a reaction to Batista's habit of thus mutilating the corpses of people who had annoyed him, leaving them afterwards at any convenient roadside.

After all this, it may be conceded that Mr. Ayala does not traduce reality, but will it be believed that *Death as a Way of Life* is a comic novel? It is, though. Horribly comic, implacable, fascinating. The story is an imaginative paradigm of the fall of a dictator, and the coming to power in his place of the usual obscurely connected junta of military and civil personalities. It is told by a cripple whose infirmity has kept him out of harm's way, free to pursue his self-imposed task of collecting documents for an eventual history of his era. The narrator's malice and literary pedantry tell us as much about the state of the nation as the documents he quotes, and prepare us for the *coup de théâtre* that, occurring on the very last page, gives a final ironic twist to the Dostoevskian succession of crises that make up the tale.

The comparison with the Russian writer is a measure of the intensity of imagination displayed in *Death as a Way of Life.* Francisco Ayala chooses in this novel to work on a narrower compass than we think of in connection with Dostoevsky, but the shock of his breathless peripeties, managed with the same uncanny stagecraft, and the strain of brutal and despairing humor, suggest an unexpected affinity between the Spaniard and the Slav. The comparison, of course, has its limits. For one thing, Mr. Ayala is sane. His conceptions, for all their complexity, are articulated with a Latin clarity; in this sense, he could offer no greater contrast to the creative madness and muddle of Dostoevsky.

In any case, *Death as a Way of Life* seems to me to represent quite astonishing literary powers. Its appearance in English should be a signal to readers to expect and demand that the Ayala canon be successively made available to us (as far as I know, the chief work hitherto presented in English is the extraordinary tale included in the Modern Library's *Great Spanish Short Stories*). Mr. Ayala's wit transmutes itself naturally into style, for his gifts include the linguistic ones that we have almost given up hoping for from our writers. Even his meditated grossness is graceful—as when he sums up by *"sursum corda"* the reaction of a young arriviste to the proffered charms of his leader's wife. And this example of politico-sexual insight is one of the keys to Ayala's literary imagination, for he is preoccupied with the way in which appetites relate to action, and desire takes its crooked course toward realization.

Spanish is closer in spirit to English than any other Western tongue, but its kinship is with Elizabethan English for its magical combination of stateliness and the easy or explosive colloquialism. That situation presents the translator with special difficulties. It is pleasant to be able to say that Joan MacLean has given us a generally felicitous version of one of the masters of Spanish prose.

"I fly economy, but I *think* rich."

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The Letdown After the Airlift

Armageddon: A Novel of Berlin, *by Leon Uris (Doubleday. 632 pp. $6.95), describes a doomed love affair in 1944 between the daughter of an ex-Nazi and a handsome American Army captain. Daniel Stern wrote "Who Shall Live, Who Shall Die."*

By DANIEL STERN

IT IS reported that when Oscar Wilde visited America the newspapermen were most anxious to elicit his opinion of Charles Dickens, who was then at the height of his popularity. "No one with a heart," Wilde told them, "can read the death of Little Nell without laughing."

Leon Uris's new novel, *Armageddon,* reduces one to helpless historical paraphrase: no one with a heart can read Uris's tale of the tragedy and triumph of modern Berlin—without laughing.

No one with a mind, one should say. But in Uris's universe heart and mind seem to merge into one blob of sentimentality bolstered by exquisitely ferreted facts. (A note tells us that the research for this book was sponsored by the latest rival to the Ford Foundation: Columbia Pictures.)

One can almost hear the reasonable voices speaking: Why discuss Uris seriously? No one else does. His books are bought by the millions and they make blockbuster movies—but that's all. The only reply one can make is, that the continuing success of an author who takes the greatest themes of the time and treats them as a sort of Classics Illustrated comic book without the colored pictures is a phenomenon with important implications.

But, first, let us examine the book itself. It opens with an epigraph: *Ich bin ein Berliner—John F. Kennedy.* Fair warning. We are in the presence of history. Next we meet our hero, Captain Sean O'Sullivan: handsome, rugged, and filled with hatred for the defeated Germans. (The time is January 1944.) The reason: his two brothers were killed in action. Naturally, before the book is ended Sean has had a tragically doomed love affair with a German girl, the daughter of an ex-Nazi.

The action moves from 1944 back in time to before World War I and up to, and just after, the Berlin airlift—the experience Uris poses as the West's Armageddon. The numerous and varied characters are composed of cardboard and sawdust. This is to be expected from Mr. Uris's past performance. When it comes to ideas he is on equally firm ground. In one stern passage he disposes of the "hate-filled and muddled ramblings of Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Hegel, Treitschke, and Fichte." This, of course, may be dismissed as revenge for college philosophy courses. But for positive philosophy the book is choked with the baldest jingoism the most painful, reactionary nationalism masquerading as patriotism. America deserves better.

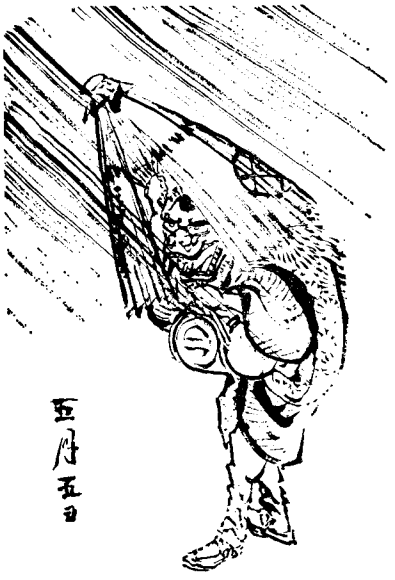
To give Uris his due, he does weave the endless fact-sheets he has dug up into a cinema-like fabric of intercutting that will please nostalgic fans of the Warner Brothers epics of the Thirties and Forties.

Thomas Mann wrote that "in our time the destiny of man reveals itself in political terms." This is not to say that a literature must concern itself exclusively with this angle of approach. But the nagging question remains: Why do the big political and social themes of the time go begging? To make a surrealistic mélange, for a moment, should it not, perhaps, have been Wright Morris who wrote Paddy Chayefsky's comedy of the Russian Revolution? How would Saul Bellow view the Israel of *Exodus*—or the Berlin of *Armageddon*? Where is James Purdy's novel about the darkly hopeful changes in the landscape of the South? It may be that only small talents are satisfied with easy answers to the great paradoxes of history. Or, sadder still, the truth may be found in Yeats's prophetic poem *Second Coming*: "The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity."

The Fleeting World: After the death of Hokusai in 1849, the Ukiyo-e school of painting declined. Extraordinarily deft, as well as prolific, he captured the passing scene with delicacy and wit. Theodore Bowie has selected and annotated for *The Drawings of Hokusai* (Indiana, $12.50) 130 plates, representing, for the most part, previously unpublished sketches. Like Picasso, Professor Bowie observes, the Japanese artist is a "centrifuge throwing off styles from a perpetually rotating center of creative energy."

Two women lying prone.

Shojo, a drunkard proving his strength.



"March 28."

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Weathering the Wind of Change

Africa to Me: Person to Person, *by Emily Hahn (Doubleday. 277 pp. $4.95), and* ***New Wind in a Dry Land,*** *by Margaret Laurence (Knopf. 295 pp. $5.95), convey the heartbeat of a complex continent. Charles Miller devotes most of his writing to African affairs.*

By CHARLES MILLER

IT MAY well be that the finest writing over the past half-century about the land and peoples of Africa is the work of two women, Elspeth Huxley and Isak Dinesen. Regrettably, this distinction can't be shared by the ever-growing army of literary ladies who are presently gaining fame and fortune from their abbreviated joyrides on the African bandwagon. Somehow, whenever a distaff author embarks on a jet-propelled visit to one or two of Africa's (quaint) marketplaces, to one of its few remaining colonies, or to some (well-patrolled) game park, you can be almost certain that the product will be stupefying gibberish of a self-appointed socio-anthropologist, the outraged (and banal) anguish of an ADA platoon leader, or the embarrassingly labored scintillation of a global table-hopper. Any encounter with a female writer who genuinely understands this most vibrant of continents is as rare as it is refreshing. Yet two remarkably gifted women have just given us a brace of books that belong in the first rank of present-day Africana.

Many readers who identify Emily Hahn solely as an Old China Hand will be pleasantly surprised to discover that she has also traveled extensively through the African continent over the past thirty years. The fruits of these meanderings are now gathered into a delightful and enormously worthwhile volume called *Africa to Me*—eleven separate articles which have as a sort of rough common denominator the reactions of many individuals (including Miss Hahn herself) to that African phenomenon which we are pleased to call The Wind of Change.

Actually, Miss Hahn's earliest exposure to African affairs came at a time when the continent couldn't have been more thoroughly apolitical. During the early 1930s, through an incredibly weird quirk of the Depression, she found herself stranded for nearly a year in the great Ituri Forest of the then Belgian Congo—where her only companions were (a) an anthropologist making a study of the Ituri's Pigmy tribes, (b) the Pigmies, and (c) a random collection of books dealing with the great explorers who opened up the African Pandora's box a hundred years ago. It was through this latter source that she came across one of the most tantalizing enigmas of that era: the mysterious Alexandrine Tinne, a Dutchwoman of gentle birth who somehow became intrigued with Africa and covered nearly as much territory in her travels as Livingstone, Stanley, Emin Pasha, or any of the titans of nineteenth-century African exploration, and who was finally murdered in the southern Sahara under circumstances that Miss Hahn could only regard as unlikely. In an almost compulsive eagerness to learn the real truth about this extraordinary lady, Miss Hahn spent more than twenty years meticulously tracking down relatives, family letters, and other clues leading to an eventual revelation that was at once eye-opening, eerie, amusing, and tragic. This rather bizarre detective story, aptly entitled "The Great Blank Spot," makes an equally fitting opening chapter. For, as she unravels the strands of Miss Tinne's story, Miss Hahn also reveals how she herself became captive to an insatiable curiosity about—and fascination with—all things African.

Miss Hahn's intoxication diminished in no way during her numerous subsequent visits to other parts of the continent. Like all writers whose knowledge of Africa goes far beneath the cliché-carpeted surface, she gives the impression that this part of the world has become every bit as much home to her as the place of her birth. Her descriptions of Africa's new nations and their multifarious problems are written in the informal manner of letters to a friend, yet they convey a far more accurate picture of the African scene today than much of the work produced by full-time authorities.

Seldom has Miss Hahn displayed so skilfully her nice ear for the seemingly insignificant phrase that sums up a situation, her eye for the small incident that puts everything into focus. An overnight stay at an Englishman's farm near the foothills of Mount Kenya becomes a vest-pocket treatise on the possible dis-

—*Louis d'Almeida.*

Emily Hahn—"a hilarious surprise."

possession of several hundred thousand human beings who know no other homes. (Incidentally, an all but unique aspect of Miss Hahn's book is the fairness with which she discusses Africa's European minorities. It is always pleasant to note the infrequent reporter who can recognize that the so-called settler, for all his undeniable shortcomings, is deserving of a more objective appraisal than is customarily his lot.) Flag-raising ceremonies in Lagos on Nigeria's independence day encapsulate an entire era. An automobile ride with two Indians on Zanzibar evokes the full flavor of that balmy (in every sense of the word) island. Casual conversations with government officers and private citizens depict vividly the lip-of-the-volcano climate of Southern Rhodesia. A cocktail party in Dar es Salaam for Tanganyika's outgoing British (and incoming African) police commissioner is a microcosm of all of New Africa's social and administrative birth pangs. And a three-question interview with Jomo Kenyatta provides not only a fine in-depth portrait of this larger-than-life personality, but also a hilarious surprise—a very appropriate ending to one of the year's most readable and enlightening books about what is still, in many respects, "The Great Blank Spot."

A writer of less prominence but hardly less substantial talents takes us from the general to the particular. In 1952, a young Canadian housewife named Margaret Laurence began a long residence in a bone-dry purgatory on the Horn of Africa: the little-known and little-loved (except by a few) land that has since become the Somali Re-

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public. Her husband, a civil engineer, had been given the job of building some thirty water catchment dams (called *ballehs*) along the border of what was then the British Somaliland Protectorate. The couple traveled the length and breadth of the country and gradually developed a deep affection for its impoverished and savagely proud people. The record of that relationship is Mrs. Laurence's singularly beautiful *New Wind in a Dry Land*.

Few peoples on earth have ever been quite so deserving of and less qualified for sovereignty than the Somalis. United by strong bonds of race, history, religion, culture, and language, they are simultaneously Balkanized and hamstrung almost beyond belief by complex tribal bickering, the absence of a written alphabet, and a land all but totally devoid of resources, natural or otherwise. The Somali economy is about 99 per cent subsistence, and the nomadic existence of the people—a ceaseless wandering from waterhole to waterhole—little more than a losing struggle for survival. "A cruel saying of the Arabs," Mrs. Laurence tells us, "used to be that Allah had created all Arabs, and then He had created all other peoples, and then He had created the Somalis, and then He had laughed." It would be a forgivable exaggeration to say that the Somalis are a nation living in the suburbs of hell.

Yet if the Somali is considered by others to be the pariah of Islam, he certainly does not so regard himself. Despite—or perhaps because of—a profound fatalism, which must surely be as necessary as water to sustain life in surroundings so utterly and uncompromisingly bleak, his existence is a living testament to human optimism. His passion for camels, war, argument, and women (roughly in that order) is expressed in a literature (all unwritten) that includes some of the most sensitive and moving poetry to be found in any language. His ample sense of humor is reflected in a rather surprising penchant for Somali variations on the shaggy dog theme. And, above all, there is his absolutely towering pride. (Ask a Somali how the British and Italians managed to conquer his country: "Conquer? Nothing of the sort. They were our guests.")

Indeed, it is with pride that the Somali cloaks himself in an armor of reserve which has been penetrated by only a handful of outsiders. The Laurences proved to be among that very select few, largely by virtue of their indifference to the white man's all but desparate need to assert his "superiority" in Africa. The Somalis who worked with Mr. Laurence on the construction of the *ballehs* eventually came

(*Continued on page* 66)

Monologues of a Philolog

Realism in Our Time: Literature and the Class Struggle, *by Georg Lukács, translated from the German by John and Necke Mander (Harper & Row. 135 pp. $3.95), and* ***Studies in European Realism,*** *by Georg Lukács, translated by Edith Bone (Grosset & Dunlap. 267 pp. Hardbound, $4. Paperback, $1.95), utilizes dialectical materialism as a yardstick for measuring letters. Robert L. Stilwell, who teaches English and comparative literature at Ohio State University, writes frequently on twentieth-century critical theory.*

By ROBERT L. STILWELL

HERE are a pair of volumes, hedged with complexity and dense with significance, by one of the sovereign critics of our time. Among the truly distinguished European literary scholars of the past forty years or so—a company that would have to include Benedetto Croce, Erich Auerbach, Leo Spitzer, Ernst Robert Curtius, Roman Jakobson, and René Wellek—the Hungarian Georg Lukács (born 1885) remains in some respects the least known and the least appreciated. In America, at any rate, his name is likely to kindle only the dimmest flickers of recognition, even from those for whom literature and its theory have become a sort of daily bread. Yet it would be virtually impossible to overestimate the magnitude, and the profound value, of Lukács's achievements. And that these long-due translations of two of his books will probably find next to no audience, while a ruck of featherweight criticism is received as scripture, is not so much his loss as ours.

At least three reasons for this persistent neglect of Lukács are worth isolating here, especially since their implications bear on the volumes under review. (A fourth reason is that only a fraction of his more than thirty books have ever been translated. There is, first, Lukács's reputation as an "impenetrable" writer, and, while this image is partly myth, the bristling difficulties of his work can scarcely be gainsaid. Lukács is among the last of those formidable *Philologs* who have regarded philology as a metaphor for the totality of culture. He presupposes a burden of learning that will include familiarity with European historical currents since the Enlightenment, German philosophy from Kant and Hegel to Heidegger, the major European sociologists (such as Max Weber and Georg Simmel), something very near the whole of Western literature, and many other departments of knowledge. Moreover, his fundamental concepts—*e.g.*, his problematical distinctions between the esthetic form and ideological content in a literary work—are uncompromisingly technical and abstract. To read him well, therefore, poses a taxing challenge.

SECOND, Lukács is simply not an "exciting" critic, in the customary sense of that dubious word. His pages contain their share of stabbing insights, but his respect for the hard, painful intricacies of his subjects drives him to shun any suggestion of pyrotechnics. Always his compulsion is toward synthesis and the broadest possible perspectives. His method, which proceeds slowly and even laboriously, is to strengthen the mesh of his argument with ponderous quantities of material. Nor are his bedrock assumptions intellectually fashionable just now. (I am not, for the moment, speaking of those assumptions that arise exclusively from his Marxist commitments.) He is adamantly convinced, for instance, that literature can never be pried out of the historical, political, and economic crucible within which it is created; and it is necessary to go back to Ruskin to find a critic more possessed by radical moralism. The result of all these characteristics is that he is apt to sound old-fashioned—and, in a way, he is. To compare him with the virtuoso

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LIVING POLITICAL HISTORY BY PRIZE WINNING AUTHORS

Dedicated to the memory of

JOHN F. KENNEDY

For the first time in the long history of the Democratic Party, the committee publishing the Convention Program Book will make this volume available to the general public—and in advance of the convention opening.

In keeping with this decision, the talents of the nation's leading writers and photographers have been enlisted. The Convention Book Committee believes the result is a volume of historic significance for the present and for years to come.

Prepared exclusively for this special memorial edition, which is dedicated to the memory of the late President John F. Kennedy, is an intimate description of his administration. President Lyndon Johnson's leadership during the crucial last months of 1963, the Johnson program, the nation's First Ladies, the history of the Democratic Party from the time of Jefferson and many other persons and events are described in articles of lasting value.

For those who will follow the Democratic Convention on television, the Convention Book will be particularly meaningful.

CONTRIBUTORS

Among those contributing to the 1964 Democratic Convention Book are **JOHN STEINBECK,** Nobel Prize winner; **ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.** Pulitzer Prize winning historian.

SIDNEY HYMAN, noted authority on the Presidency and author; **JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN,** author of ten books and winner of many magazine awards.

WILLIAM ATTWOOD, newspaper and magazine writer and now Ambassador to Kenya; **WILLIAM S. WHITE,** journalist, author, and Pulitzer Prize Winner; **MARIANNE MEANS,** White House correspondent Hearst newspapers, and book and magazine author.

1964 Democratic National Convention Program Book Committee

sr

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experimenters in modern criticism would be something like comparing Bruckner with Webern.

By far the most essential source of his neglect, however, is that in his philosophical and critical theories Lukács embraces the resources and liabilities of pre-Stalin Marxism. Originally an adherent of Hegelian historicity, he has been dedicated since World War I to a vision of history and literature that is grounded in dialectical materialism. Thus one needs, while reading him, to shed all those pardonable biases against Marxist criticism that have become ingrained through its vulgarized applications and through its betrayals by Stalinist practitioners. Further, one needs to understand the vocabulary and categories, the powers and blindspots, by which at its deep-grasping best such criticism strives to elucidate works of literature.

These are formidable barriers, then, for anyone who would approach Lukács's thought in general or the present volumes in particular. Still, the rewards for scaling these barriers are large. Consider *Studies in European Realism*, which collects eight synoptic articles, several of monograph length, that Lukács completed in the Soviet Union during the late Thirties. Like Auerbach's *Mimesis* and Harry Levin's recent *The Gates of Horn*, it undertakes to develop full and coherent accounts of how reality has been rendered by specific literary works; and I believe that for specialists it belongs on the select shelf with the former books.

Five of the studies focus on Balzac, Stendhal, and Tolstoy. These are the novelists whom Lukács has long esteemed above all others, because of their magnificent creative ability to pierce the realities of a whole society and to transfigure them through their art; and the force of Lukács's gifts seldom operates more effectively than when he is searching his chosen masters of "critical realism" in fiction. The final "inadequacy" of Zola's naturalistic strategies provides the center of gravity for a sixth essay, and a seventh deals out some rather slavish admiration for Gorki. The remaining paper concerns itself with the important nineteenth-century Russian "revolutionary-democratic critics Belinski, Chernyshevski, and Dobrolyubov.

Throughout these spacious and thick-textured disquisitions there is a lot with which it is possible to disagree in the most violent terms. Nevertheless, the erudition and intelligence and spirit that buttress almost every paragraph are undeniable. If a run-of-the-mill critic declares that Balzac and Stendhal are finer novelists than the Tolstoy who wrote *Anna Karenina*, the statement may seem merely another perversity. When Lukács says this, one has to listen—whatever one's final misgivings—as he toils at justifying such a verdict.

Realism in Our Time is a little oracular book that Lukács set down in 1956, with a view to distilling his judgments on the fate and promises of "realism" in twentieth-century literature. (The present English version corresponds to that published in London in 1962, under the title *The Meaning of Contemporary Realism.*) Throughout its brief compass Lukács comments astutely on a number of modern writers, including Conrad, Gottfried Benn, and Brecht. The second of his three chapters—"Thomas Mann or Franz Kafka?"—represents a marvel of concentrated perception, rather than a glib framing of falsified alternatives. In addition, much of his space is devoted to reaffirming his cherished norm of "critical realism," by fending off the extremities of naturalistic transcription and pure esthetic formalism. Often brilliant and persuasive in its own right, this manifesto-like study also furnishes an ideal initiation into Lukács's work and teachings.

The translators have for the most part converted Lukács's prose into graceless English. However, it should be remarked in their behalf that the man writes what must be the most cross-grained German since Goethe's *Elective Affinities*. For the *Studies* Alfred Kazin contributes an uneven but generally perceptive introduction. *Realism in Our Time* comes equipped with a disciple's-eye preface from George Steiner, who counterpoints some tub-thumping exaggeration ("Among critics, only Saint-Beuve and Edmund Wilson have matched the breadth of Lukács's response to literature") with a scattering of luminous observations. Also, I cannot resist noting that since the latter volume adds another instalment to the World Perspectives series, it reprints yet again that inescapable six-page prospectus by Ruth Nanda Anshen, in which great meaningless sentences unwind like gold-plated spaghetti.

SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

EVERYONE SUSPECT. By Nedra Tyre. Macmillan. $3.95.

TRAP FOR CINDERELLA. By Sebastien Japrisot. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

Current Affairs

BLACK RELIGION. By Joseph R. Washington, Jr. Beacon. $5.

IT'S YOUR MONEY: Waste and Mismanagement in Government Spending. By Ladislas Farago. Random House. $4.95.

THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY: Anatomy of a Protest. By J. Allen Broyles. Beacon. $4.50.

THE MISSION. By Martin Caidin and Edward Hymoff. Lippincott. $4.50.

SURVIVAL IN THE EXECUTIVE JUNGLE. By Chester Burger. Macmillan. $4.95.

WHY WE CAN'T WAIT. By Martin Luther King, Jr. Harper & Row. $3:50.

Essays

THE FOURTH MAN. By Howard Moody. Macmillan. $4.

Fiction

THE DISTURBER. By L. S. Davidson, Jr. Macmillan. $4.95.

INSTANT GOLD. By Frank O'Rourke. Morrow. $3.95.

THE LONELY MAN. By Faith Baldwin. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

ON ICE. By Jack Gelber. Macmillan. $4.95.

SHAME THE DEVIL. By Nancy Moore. Torquil. $4.50.

THE SOUL OF KINDNESS. By Elizabeth Taylor. Viking. $4.50.

History

THE FORTRESS THAT NEVER WAS. By Rodney G. Minott. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

Law

JUSTICE HOLMES ON LEGAL HISTORY. By James Willard Hurst. Macmillan. $4.95.

JUSTICE ON TRIAL: The Case of Louis D. Brandeis. By A. L. Todd. McGraw-Hill. $6.50.

Literary Criticism

THE ANNOTATED UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Edited by Philip Van Doren Stern. Eriksson. $7.50.

APPROACHES TO SHAKESPEARE. By Norman Rabkin. McGraw-Hill. $2.95.

STUDIES IN CLASSIC AMERICAN LITERATURE. By D. H. Lawrence. Viking. $4.

THE VICTORIOUS EXPRESSION. By Howard T. Young. Univ. of Wisconsin Press. $6.50.

Miscellany

CAT MAGIC. By John Beecroft. Little, Brown. $4.95.

EUROPE IN YOUR POCKET. By Edna Rehm Paxton. McGraw-Hill. Paperback, $1.95.

THE GRIM TRUTH ABOUT FLUORIDATION. By Robert Buck. Putnam. $1.95.

SAVAGE NEW GUINEA. By Jens Bjerre. Hill & Wang. $5.

VOICES ON THE RIVER: The Story of the Mississippi Waterways. By Walter Havighurst. $6.95.

(*Continued on page* 67)

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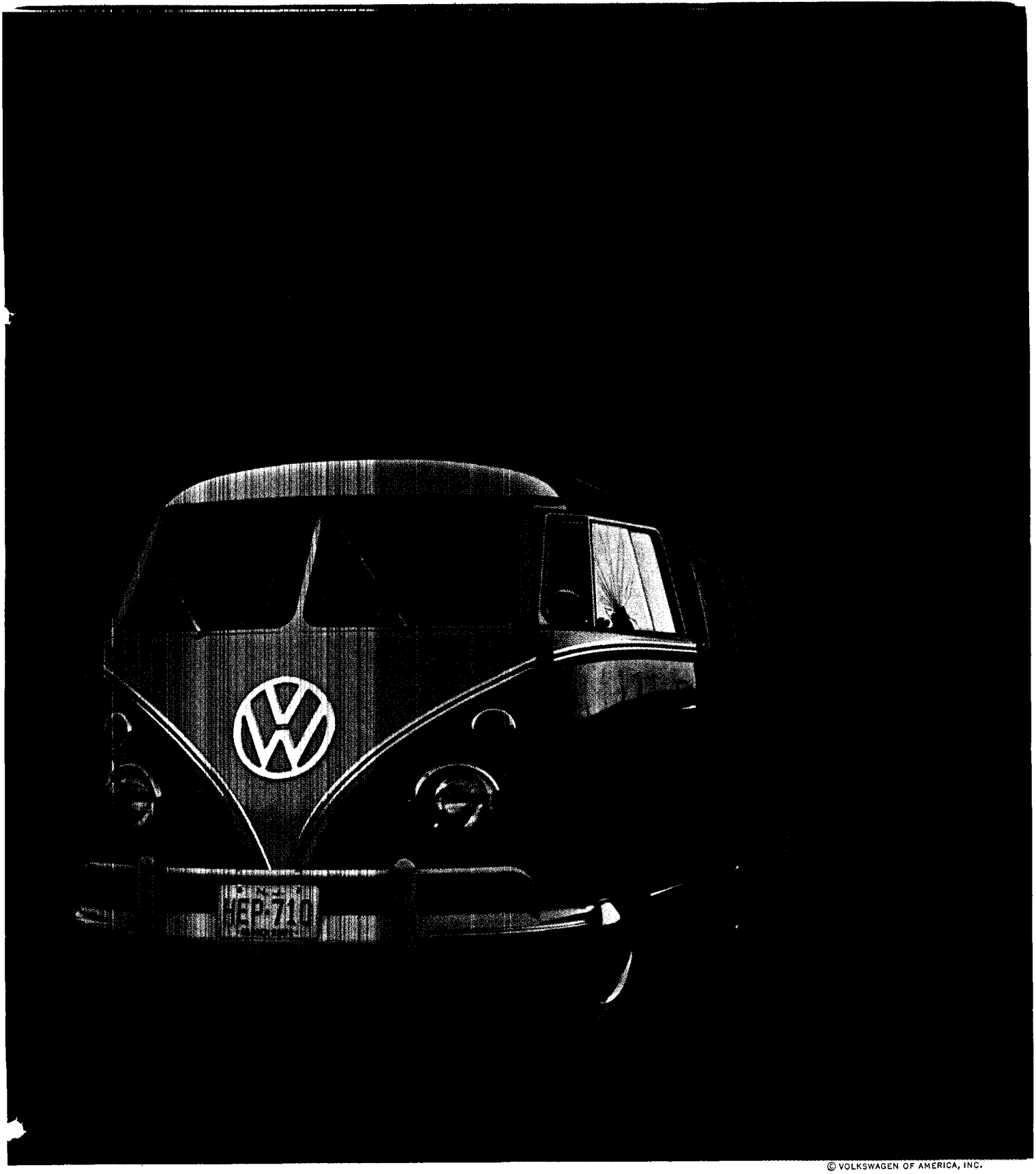

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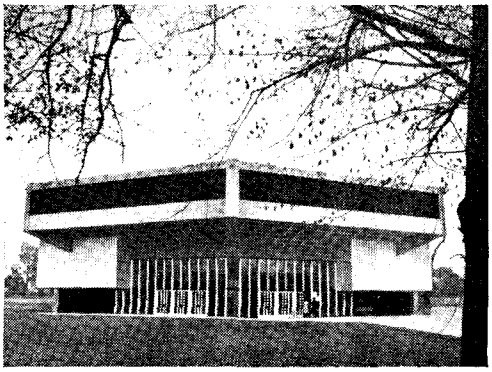
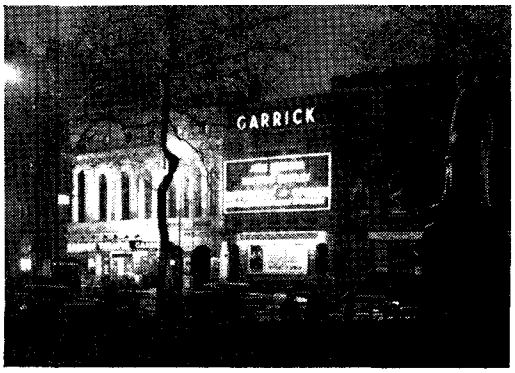
Her Majesty's Theatre, London

Theatre Royal, Manchester

Lyric and Apollo Theatres, London



Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester



Garrick Theatre, London

How to tour Britain in the fashionable Fall and go to the theatre every evening—for $2 a show

No other country offers you so much theatre. There is no language barrier. Tickets are easy to get, even in Britain's fashionable Fall. Clip coupon for free 32-page "Guide to Theatre, Festivals and Music" and free road map.

Your free "Guide to Theatre, Festivals and Music in Britain" is not just a travel folder. It's a real acquisition.

The Guide not only *lists* theatres. It gives you their box office telephone numbers, shows you how to book seats, and how much tickets cost.

It even tells you a bit of history about London's theatres, and warns you about several Thespian ghosts.

One fact will probably astonish you: London *alone* has almost twice as many theatres as New York.

This simple statistic packs a whopping promise.

In a single evening, London's 40-odd theatres give you a choice of entertainment you couldn't exhaust in a month. Beg, borrow or steal a London newspaper and you'll see for yourself.

The theatre column will list revues and musicals, farces and mysteries, Shakespeare and Shaw, Beckett and Brecht. Your only problem is to choose from an embarrassment of riches.

Olivier leads new National Theatre Company

This Fall, London offers one opportunity no serious playgoer should miss. It's the chance to see Britain's new National Theatre Company.

Sir Laurence Olivier is the company's artistic director. If your timing is right, you can see him play Othello, the first time Sir Laurence has tackled this role.

What to see outside London

When you leave London, you don't leave good theatre behind. "Guide to Theatre, Festivals and Music" tells you where to find 46 major theatres in other parts of Britain. Mark these theatre towns on your free road map. Then plan your trip accordingly.

Take Canterbury. Where else in Europe can you explore a mediaeval cathedral in the afternoon, dine at a 14th-century inn, then stroll to a theatre and see the Marlowe Players in *A Midsummer Night's Dream?*

You can enjoy similar experiences in Nottingham, Bristol and Birmingham—

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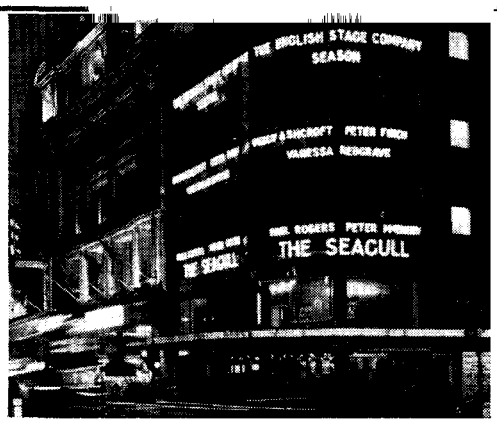
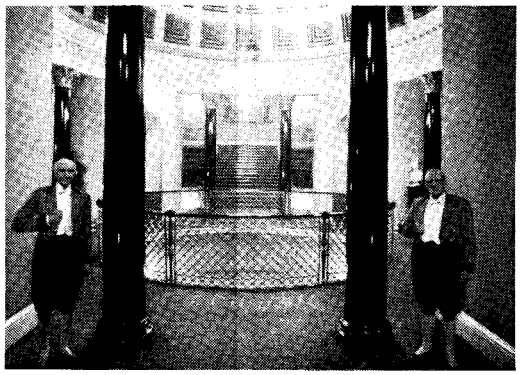
Belgrade Theatre, Coventry

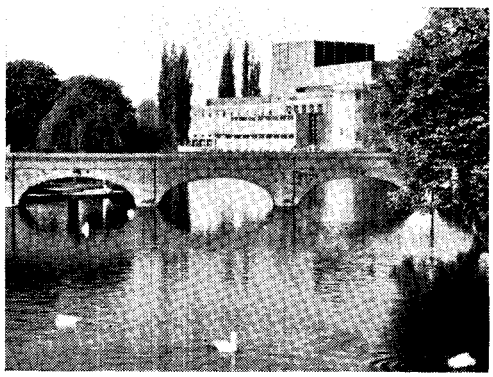


Queen's Theatre, London

Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich



Circle Rotunda and Royal Waiters, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London



Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon

Aldwych Theatre, London

and a score of other cities.

You'll never be more thankful that Americans and Englishmen speak the same language.

Festivals galore

When you plan your trip, include at least one of Britain's festivals on your itinerary. You'll find 23 major festivals listed in "Guide to Theatre, Festivals and Music." Here are a few you can visit this Fall:

Edinburgh International Festival (August 16 through September 5) This is a three-week spree of drama, symphony, opera, ballet, a military tattoo. Marlene Dietrich will star in a cabaret.

Three Choirs Festival (September 6 through 11) This is the world's oldest music festival. It began in 1714. This Fall, the Festival will be held in Hereford Cathedral.

The cathedral choirs of Hereford, Gloucester and Worcester will join with a London symphony orchestra in evenings of jubilant oratorio.

Pitlochry Drama Festival (All Summer—through October 3) The tiny town of Pitlochry nestles among the peaceful glens and lochs of Scotland. Its festival program includes plays by Chekhov, Shakespeare and Anouilh.

Stratford-upon-Avon (All Summer—through early December) This year, the Shakespeare Season of Plays presents seven of the great historical dramas, including *Richard II*, *Henry IV* (Parts One and Two) and *Henry V*.

Shakespeare's Year in full cry

This is a joyful year for theatres in Britain. They are celebrating Shakespeare's 400th birthday. Most festival and theatre towns are presenting special quatercentenary productions. These are once-in-a-lifetime events. Many will run through the fashionable Fall. *Put them at the top of your list.*

How to get tickets

You can get tickets at many theatres on the day of performance—even in London. However, to be certain of seats for the new National Theatre Company or the great festivals, ask your travel agent to book them in advance.

The more time you give him, the better your seats will be.

How much does it cost?

One of the great surprises of theatre-going in Britain is the low cost of tickets.

Even in London, seat prices start at only 45 cents. The *grandest* seats cost about $4.

Outside London, prices are even less, except for some major festivals.

You can easily see ten shows for twenty dollars if you sit in the orchestra one evening and in the "gallery" the next.

The "gallery," or top balcony, of a London theatre is known as *the gods*. This is where you get your 45-cent seats. Some people say it's the *friendliest* place to see a show.

To learn more about *the gods*, ticket prices and festivals, clip coupon below for your 32-page "Guide to Theatre, Festivals and Music."

Then ask your travel agent to reserve your seats, hotels and passage to Britain.

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The Fair—1. Heigh Ho or Ho Hum

WITH world's fairs occurring with more frequency than leap years or the Olympics, it is inevitable that the spectacle currently under view over on Moses's Meadow be compared, for whatever the comparison is worth, with the recent sideshows held at Brussels and just the other day, it seems, at Seattle. At least a lot of these thoughts were caroming around in my head as I launched a concerted three-day assault recently at the New York World's Fair in Flushing.

What I missed at the New York show, or so I began to realize after I went home to soak my feet, was the exciting spirit of competition that pervaded the Brussels show of 1958 and that exhilarating air of the underdog in ascendancy that permeated the exposition in the Northwest. New York is a slick, professional, and, above all, commercial show, and while there is much to marvel at, I couldn't help but feel, after my first few forays into the fairgrounds, that I had gone to see the Yanks win another game.

There were, alas, no Russians to spark that fascinating competition between the U.S. and the USSR that electrified the proceedings at Brussels. Nor was there anything to replace the eager curiosity that we brought to the exhibits of the satellite nations that had spent a dozen years under Russia's domination and now were showing their wares for the first time.

The Czechs' beer garden, their brilliant designs in toys and glass, the great restaurant operated by the Hungarians, and the rousing exhibit of the United States itself were all part of 1958 and of that summer alone. If the Atomium, the centerpiece of Brussels, was unusual, if the Space Needle at Seattle was daring—indeed, if the Eiffel Tower that symbolized the Paris exposition of 1889 was a fantastic innovation—then the Unisphere is a bore. And a commercial bore at that. Most of the brilliant exhibits that have been mounted at Flushing come, as most things do these days, with a commercial attached. If one wants to have a look at the future, then one can do it, courtesy of General Motors. If one wants to look back at our caveman beginnings, get in line over at Ford. Even some of the national pavilions flying foreign flags are not sponsored by foreign governments, but by commercial interests in those countries. Possibly the most offensive of all of these is Hong Kong, which is nothing more than a disorganized and rather tasteless bazaar installed inside a handsome building complete with junks floating around the front door. I am not sure, for instance, whether Greyhound, which has contracted for the transportation inside the grounds, is more occupied with making friends or money. A ride on its buses, which skirt the grounds, costs a quarter. Those who suffer from acute bunionitis somewhere en route and who flag a passing Escorter, an electric cart with driver in the rear, will find themselves stuck with a bill of $3 for twenty minutes, or $9 an hour, or $72 for an eight-hour day. In certain seasons of the year it costs only $99 for a ninety-nine-day ticket on a Greyhound bus anywhere in the whole USA.

Eating should be no problem at the fair, but families of five would be well advised to look first before sitting down at an honest-to-goodness restaurant, particularly if it is attached to a national or pseudo-national pavilion. The Swedes, for example, are charging a flat $6 for a go at their smorgasbord table, irrespective, as a line on the menu indicates very clearly, "of quantities and number of helpings." All this might be a fair price for a trencherman who wants to start with *inlagd sill*, which is pickled herring, and run it through to *stekt strömming*, which is fried Baltic herring, stopping for a bite of smoked reindeer (*rökt renstek*) on the way, but it makes a gastronomic visit to the Swedish digs impossible for anyone merely in search of a snack.

Sukarno, who has installed an enormous, elaborate pavilion more grand than anything I ever encountered in Djakarta, has gotten Restaurant Associates, of all people, to operate his restaurant. Under the direction of these talented people, whose string of endeavors includes the famed Four Seasons in New York's Seagram's Building and the brilliant new Trattoria in the Pan Am Building, Indonesia, so critical of U.S. help on a political scale, has one of the largest and most colorful restaurants at the fair. While Indonesian performers sing and dance and play their *gamëlan* instruments, 400 diners can sit around the huge circular room trying *saté rupa rupa, kambing masak bugis, puntjak manis,* and other goodies rarely trapped outside their native habitat. The price for all this comes to $6.50 per person, plus a cover charge of fifty cents, that might better have been included in the blanket charge, plus entertainment tax and tip. It's good, it's colorful, but it isn't cheap and it is not for hamburger lovers or ulcer diets.

The Indians, who have produced an attractive display case for everything from saris to heavy machinery, have also come up with a handsome restaurant contained in glass walls and seemingly afloat in a pool. *Tandoori* chicken is baked in public view in the tradi-

Indonesia at the fair—Music, dancing, and goodies rarely trapped outside their native habitat.

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tional charcoal-fired clay pits, and a whole dinner, from Bombay *dhal* soup to *kulfi faluda,* costs a flat $5.75. There are even cocktails from India that go under such titles as Bengal tiger, Bombay sling, and Gymkhana, a rather surprising fact considering the complicated prohibition laws of the Indian states.

Over in the International Plaza, a jumble of foreign shops, the façade of an Alpine chalet covers the Luxembourg Restaurant, perhaps the smallest place to eat at the fair. Outside of the portrait of the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg that hangs on about the only available wall space, there is nothing very Luxembourg about it except its size. Run by a Frenchman who formerly operated Lucky Pierre's in Laguna Beach and the French corner at the Seattle Fair, it offers smoked sausages on French bread, meatballs cooked in wine and herbs, and onion soup at $2 per paper bowlful, refillable at no extra cost.

The Danes, with their usual good taste and fey humor, have come up with a delightful pavilion featuring a fascinating playground where, for fifty cents for two hours, parents may park their children. There, beyond an egg-shaped entrance gate, are large-sized playing cards you can put your head through, ropes that make bells ring, corkscrew slides, and tables and chairs that resemble pecking ducks. But although they are willing to remove your brood and care for it at a nominal price, the Danes impose a minimum of $5 in their restaurant, have upped their smorgasbord price from $6 to $6.50. At that level they are on a par with the Swiss who extract $6.50 for *fondue bourguignonne,* a fee that would send a conservative Zuricher into purple paroxysms.

The high prices charged by the restaurants at the fair seemed not to bother the consciences of the restaurant operators. At least one entrepreneur at the exposition told Martin Tolchin of the *New York Times,* "These people have money to burn." Those with only tempers to burn have to seek out middle-price eating places, which are difficult to find and usually strung with long waiting lines, or else fall back on the short-order stands operated by the Brass Rail. Here, in the typically offish, often churlish manner of the New York streets that may appal out-of-towners with tender sensibilities, the countermen push hot dogs, hamburgers, coffee, and pop as well as heartier fare. The Brass Rail's architect has built extra seats in a sort of loggia reached by a flight of steep, narrow stairs. I presume the Rail's lawyers have looked at the stairs, too, for it is a long trip downward, and one false step and you've come a cropper. Their lawyers are otherwise astute, for when I asked for an Irish coffee without the Irish whiskey at Ireland's pavilion one chilly spring night, I was informed that they were sorrowfully unable to comply. The Brass Rail held the exclusive right to coffee at the fairgrounds, and only a clump of whipped cream on top and a jigger of Irish dew on the bottom make it legal at all for the Irish to serve Irish coffee.

For the real explorers who venture way out to left field, a journey that requires crossing the Long Island Expressway over the Meadow Lake Bridge, a whole Siberian redoubt awaits. Encircled by its own modern transportation, a monorail, it has frontage on a lake and sports a number of modest amusements and the entries of three states, Texas, Florida, and Hawaii. The poor Indian, who must be used to left field by now, is out here, too, inhabiting the American Indian Pavilion. For those so inclined, there is a log flume ride, a sort of roller coaster with marine embellishments. Participants pay ninety-five cents for the experience. The management guarantees that they will "ride hard and come out wet." Jaycopter rides offer a simulated trip by a helicopter that is anchored to earth. And then there are the spectacle shows—*Dancing Waters,* which has been displayed everywhere but in Upper Volta, and *Les Poupées de Paris,* a memory of the show in Seattle.

The Texas Pavilion, also out here, has been toasting Broadway with a giant spectacle, an alliance I'm not sure I understand. In the Frontier Palace steak dinners cost $4.25 plus 5 per cent food tax from 5 to 8 o'clock, and 10 per cent on top of that for entertainment after 8. The thing to do, perhaps, is arrive before 5 and order a $3 chicken dinner.

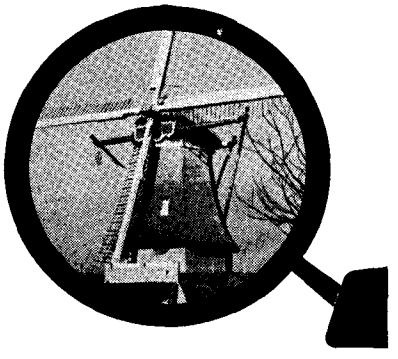
Those who would inhale dreams of Hawaii must present themselves at a little grass shack where they can obtain twenty-five-cent pieces in change. Hawaii, in modest reproduction, lies on the opposite side of a turnstile that swallows quarters. Standing before it all is a giant tiki or god, his teeth bared in a growl, possibly because of the endless spinning of the monorail that roars past his nose. Customers are given a paper lei and a Hawaiian greeting of sorts and then are offered a program for a dollar. Any spare coins left over can be dropped in a sort of wishing well fitted with models of the islands.

Hawaiian history is displayed in panels, Hawaii's people in engaging photographs, and Hawaii's sounds in burbling, sonorous bleeps in the background. As for the food of the islands, that costs extra. It is available in the Restaurant of the Five Volcanoes, a waterside salon where luaus are served daily beginning at 6:30 and ending three hours later. Guests, who pay $12 a ticket for the experience, are oiled up first with a forty-five-minute cocktail hour featuring rum punches. There follows a ceremony explaining the food and its origin in the islands. After the meal is served, there is a floor show of Hawaiian and Tahitian hulas. Other dinners, without all the luau ceremony, begin at $4.95, and at the snack bar pineapple turnovers, never seen in Hawaii, sell briskly at twenty-five cents each. A show imported from Honolulu's Barefoot Bar is staged daily in a separate hall. Admission costs $2. The day I looked in at it, a fellow called Inny Yung, dressed in a coolie's costume, was busy doing a twist.

A popular feature of the Seattle show was Chun King's Chinese inn, which offered seven-course Chinese dinners at ninety-nine cents. It has, happily enough, been repeated here, and is perhaps the best gastronomic bargain of the fair. Beautiful Brussels waffles are available for dessert at a stand next door, and you can shake it all down with a ride on the Parachute Jump.

—Horace Sutton.

(This is the first of two articles on the World's Fair.)



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TV AND RADIO

The Two Indias

THE NIGHT before the death of Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India, NBC Television presented *Jawan: The Defense of India,* a special documentary that reported on the ability of India's army to resist Red Chinese aggression. The following evening CBS Television's third *Town Meeting of the World,* the transatlantic discussion program via Telstar II, had as its subject *Myths and Menaces,* and the participants (Senator Fulbright, Richard M. Nixon, Harold Wilson, and Maurice Schumann) touched upon the impact of Nehru's death on world affairs. Both programs made interesting television, yet there was a world of difference in their contributions to the frontiers of thought in the cold war. *Jawan* (the name for India's G.I.) looked backward toward rigid military attitudes, while *Town Meeting* exposed viewers to more subtle, flexible frames of reference by which shifting events of the present could usefully be interpreted.

The NBC documentary had an advantage in its single, clear viewpoint. Gerald Green, who wrote and produced the program for NBC, chose as his consultant and on-camera narrator John Masters, former British author *(Bhowhani Junction),* now an American citizen. Masters, a graduate of Sandhurst, commanded Indian troops in World War II. The documentary showed him visiting defense positions high in the Himalayas, along the armed Sino-Indian border. Alternately he talked with officers and Jawans and commented on the readiness and morale of the Indian defenders to meet the Chinese, should the latter again, as in October 1962, invade disputed Indian territory.

Masters is personable and authoritative, and his observations were brisk and informative. He said, "Building India is a far greater task than defending her frontiers." He pointed out that England gave the people of India "very little training in citizenship" and that military service "fails to give Indian troops an inquiring mind." But on the whole, Masters was a Kipling man with a dash of literary Errol Flynn. He was very much the old colonel to his former comrades; they were all spit and polish, and "By God, Sir, we're going to stop them [the Chinese] this time!" The message of the program was that Jawan was a stabilizing influence in Asia against further Communist penetration and that the West ought to help India with money and arms.

Masters called Nehru's policy of nonalignment a "fallacy." He fitfully attempted a balance between the obvious necessity for military defense against aggression and a longer view, but I watched the program with mixed feelings of respect for the editorial position and uneasiness at the tone of old colonialism plus Western condescension—"450 million people . . . good raw material . . . will work hard if given direction."

Town Meeting of the World, on CBS, also marked Red China as the aggressor in India, and all the diplomats supported India's defense measures. The discussion was predicated on Senator Fulbright's recent speech calling for movement away from "old myths in the face of new realities." Mr. Nixon (in New York) urged that there be no shift away from America's position denying Red China admission to the United Nations, but Senator Fulbright (in Washington), Harold Wilson (London), and Maurice Schumann (in Paris) argued against "myth and menace" in thinking about China. The French politician asserted that his country had learned ten years ago, "with money and blood," that there was no purely military solution in Southeast Asia. Harold Wilson, the British Labor Party leader, thought Nehru's policies would be continued, but he held that the real issue between India and China is whether democracy or Communism can more quickly raise the living standards of the Asian masses. "If India fails," Mr. Wilson said, "all military aid won't help. We must pay more attention to economic solutions."

THIS remark recalled the weakness of *Jawan.* By choosing a soldier to view the problems of India's defense against China, the program gained dramatic focus, but it sacrificed the opportunity to escape the dominant military posture. The CBS show, urbanely moderated by Eric Sevareid, followed that network's policy of editorial neutrality and consequently suffered a weak spine but gained a more mature view of the situation in India. The two programs, diverse in intention, ordinarily might not be compared—but falling so close to the death of Nehru, they symbolized the polarities he struggled to reconcile in his seventeen years as India's first Prime Minister: the rigidities of old mental habits and the promise of new visions.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

A TINT OF WHITE

Nelson A. White of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was "fascinated" by the "Study in Green" Literary I.Q. by Howard Green of Los Angeles, California, which appeared in *SR* for April 11. He submits, naturally, a group of units in which the chromatic adjective which is his own surname is used either as a word, or part of a phrase. Answers on page 66.

1. The soaring pride of New Hampshire
2. The Sage of Emporia
3. Novel by Wilkie Collins
4. A major league baseball club
5. Token of surrender
6. What Jesus called the scribes and Pharisees (Matthew 23:27)
7. A burdensome possession
8. The palace from which Charles I was beheaded
9. Shut out in an athletic contest
10. Pentecost
11. Scene of Revolutionary battle, October 28, 1776
12. Verse novel by Alice Duer Miller
13. The King of Jazz
14. The British burned it in 1814
15. Badge of the house of York
16. Broadway at Times Square
17. Don't fire till you see them!
18. A professional panderer
19. A unit of the USSR east of Poland
20. According to Kipling, the penalty of colonialism.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Gilroy Is Here

FRANK D. GILROY'S new play, *The Subject Was Roses*, will move every wife who thinks she married the wrong man, every husband whose wife and children always seem to put him on the defensive, and every grown-up son who sees his parents' life as an untidy mess that has not only wasted them but has given him the unfair burden of justifying the waste or setting it right.

The play begins in a deceptively commonplace mood. John Cleary and his wife, Nettie, are having breakfast in their Bronx apartment while their twenty-one-year-old son, Timmy, just returned from World War II, sleeps off the aftereffects of last night's welcome-home party. The drama of the first scene seems to be no more than the mother's tearful disappointment that she has spoiled the waffles she was making for Timmy's first breakfast. However, the scene is so skilfully played by Irene Dailey that we can see that it is less the culinary failure than a preceding moment, in which Timmy rejected her affection, that has hurt her. And we sense that the play's focus is to be on Timmy's finding a way out of his dilemma. He must remove himself from home without wrecking it. This will take some doing, because his parents' love for him appears to be all that is keeping them together.

While Timmy doesn't really see his position clearly, his impulses are subconsciously dictated by the clashing forces of compassion and self-preservation. He finds himself trying to bring his parents together by buying his mother some roses and persuading his father to let her believe they were her husband's idea. Timmy says to his father, before retiring to leave both parents alone with each other, "Tough house, but I warmed 'em up for you."

Unfortunately, this artificial transfusion fails. Why? Mr. Gilroy doesn't tell us, except to suggest that some previous act by the husband has resulted in a longstanding sexual alienation, and that this impasse cannot be broken by a nominal gesture or by abrupt exercise of physical lust. The father's anger at letting himself be led into this new humiliation momentarily thrusts him into a tragic dissociation.

However, where our forefathers would have committed murder or suicide, it is the temper of our times to howl and accept. Later in the play, Timmy forces his mother to realize that her ritual of lavishing attention on his mentally retarded cousin is an unhealthy substitute for something she has failed to achieve. He tells her, "Don't try to sacrifice me to the cause!" The cause, in part, is the satisfaction of feeling morally right so that she and Timmy can gang up on her morally less perfect husband.

The mother then assumes responsibility for her own wrong choice in having married John Cleary instead of a gentle baker from Paterson, New Jersey, who also courted her. She takes $50 from her coin bank and disappears for twelve hours. Where did she go and what did she do? Again, Mr. Gilroy doesn't tell us. The important thing is that she returns home ready to come to terms with the situation there.

Directed by Ulu Grosbard, the performances are simple and effective. Irene Dailey's soft-voiced wife seems more deeply sensitive than Jack Albertson's irritable husband, but since insensitivity is part of the husband's problem, Mr. Albertson emerges as the more tragic of the two. The most difficult role is that of the son, who must act with wisdom beyond his years. Martin Sheen manages to make this character credible and uncloying.

Because *The Subject Was Roses* marks the Broadway debut of a thirty-eight-year-old playwright who two seasons ago established himself as "promising" when the Phoenix Theatre presented his *Who'll Save the Plowboy?*, one is challenged to locate Mr. Gilroy's place in contemporary theater. At this moment, one is tempted to call him "slice-of-life," for indeed his latest play is full of ordinariness, small talk, and a reluctance to explore the larger significance of his subject. Furthermore, the play constantly threatens to trade on the sentimentality implied in its title.

Yet *The Subject Was Roses* somehow manages to remain a tough-minded and accurate description of life as we know it by admitting the true influence of commonplace factors upon our behavior. Moreover, it celebrates the courage, compassion, and good humor with which these commonplaces are tolerated by the human animal.

—HENRY HEWES.

First and Last Day in a Poetry Class

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

HEARING that I had published
A poem or two to see my soul bared
In the brothel called print,
She addressed the question to me . . .

"And what does the poet do next
After his poem is finished
And the inspiration has left him?"

I answered, "He jams it into an envelope
And gets it out of his life . . . forever."

She nodded a wordless "so that's why
you're not famous"
And pointing a gentle finger over my obscurity
Toward the back of her "creative"
Writing class got the answer that she wanted
From a mouse that she had taught to dream.

"He types it off neatly, without erasures,
And sees that it has proper postage
And then he mails it off . . ."

"Good, my dear . . . good.
And how is your work coming,
Have you published anything yet?"

"Nothing. . . . Yet"
Said the rodent, with great legibility.

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The Seducers

THE master, without question, of the new American film comedy is Stanley Shapiro, a screenwriter who is usually to be found working for Universal Pictures, whose screenplays attract the biggest of the box-office stars. In the past this has meant Doris Day and Rock Hudson, but *Bedtime Story*, his latest comedy, has Marlon Brando as its prime featured attraction. Shapiro's own rise can be seen in the fact that for *Bedtime Story* he is listed both as producer and co-writer of the screenplay with Paul Henning, the renowned creator of *The Beverly Hillbillies*. Henning and Shapiro are the kings of the mountain in today's "creative" setup in Hollywood; they have a canny know-how that seemingly never misses. No line or situation is too corny for Henning, for he has a heartfelt faith in the ability of the American public to laugh at anything that is obvious. No sexual innuendo is too broad for Shapiro, for he knows that anything goes so long as the male and female involved exchange wedding rings at the end.

In *Bedtime Story*, Marlon Brando and David Niven are a pair of sexual scoundrels who prey upon women. Brando is an Army corporal based in Europe who cons his way into the temporary affections of the female natives. Niven is a suave European who cons women, too, but for him sex is only the means to a jewel collection. When the discharged Brando wanders down to Niven's Riviera stake-out, a competition ensues as to who will rule the domain. Shirley Jones then comes along to provide the test case; she is presumably a "soap queen," but the two men naturally don't find this out until later. She is also a "nice girl," in the tradition of Doris Day, and if you know this kind of movie you at once know that Miss Jones is going to turn out the winner. She's going to marry Brando, tame his lecherous habits, and turn out to be poor into the bargain. I feel I reveal nothing by revealing that this is what does happen.

Comedies such as this utilize for their humor a kind of unconsummated pornographic approach we know to be sure-fire on the American market. But I was surprised to find a Britisher, the bright humorist-critic Johnathan Miller, regarding them as a distinctly American and refreshing kind of film comedy of manners. Contrast this young British intellectual's point of view with something I recently came across in a small American publication, *The Seventh Art*, devoted to film commentary. In the current issue a young man, Gary L. Carey, writes: "The commercial comedy is adolescently titillating, surprising us with a new frankness at the same time as it is reaffirming a tried but not very practiced morality. It always begins by insinuating that the old morality of the nice girl 'doesn't' is out of date and ends by asserting the very thing it denies. This contradiction in terms is what makes these films so rank, so vulgar, so popular."

In *Bedtime Story* there is fuel to support both points of view. Before the inevitable conclusion, authors Shapiro and Henning (and director Ralph Levy) come up with several laugh-provoking situations, one of which has Brando pretending to be a titled imbecile. Another puts him in a wheelchair, psychosomatic victim, so he pretends, of a hometown girl's infidelity, and clearly a parody of his performance in *The Men* of many years ago. As a phony psychiatrist, Niven is polished and accomplished.

But this doesn't say that the movie isn't basically dirty (that is, snickering and adolescent) in its attitudes. Women are regarded as prey, as discardable once they have been seduced, as mental defectives whose loving sympathies are awakened by any implausible tale.

American farce comedy usually begins with a nice girl as the object of unprincipled seduction. In Europe, particularly France and Italy, the comedy usually begins *after* the seduction. It may be, as Johnathan Miller says, that this is our preferred popular form of the mannered comedy, and in that case perhaps we shouldn't knock it. Twenty or thirty years from now a new generation may look back on these Shapiro-type movies of the Sixties and find them charming in their old-fashioned nostalgia. Meanwhile, as sexual attitudes change or develop, movies such as *Bedtime Story* probe the degree to which the collective audience is willing to go in accepting sexual frankness on the screen, but always safely. Shapiro can always say, if attacked: "Dirty? Me? Show me one scene that isn't perfectly proper and tasteful." And, sure enough, there's nothing there. Anything that *really* happens takes place during the dissolve. That makes the audience dirty, not the movie. The ultimate cynicism behind this kind of film is that the makers know this very well.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut

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Enclosed is my first payment:
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I cannot sponsor a child, enclosed is contribution of $_____
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If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

if you love children

Make a dream come true! you, your school or group can make this dream come true for an Indian child like Tommy. Contribute $10 a month and provide one Indian youngster with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and enjoy a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters. Please give one Indian youngster an even break — and the sense of security he needs to join the mainstream of American life.

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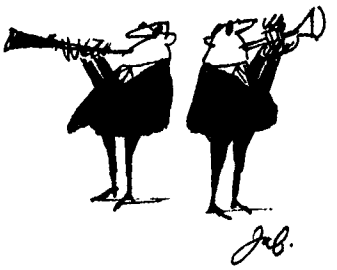

LAST TRIP UP THE RIVER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

ALTHOUGH there were scattered written commentaries from earlier dates, current jazz criticism in the United States has its roots in work done during the late Thirties. That work was largely biographical—and, at its worst, was sentimental or anecdotal enthusiasm about those colorful old characters who played jazz. Theories about the way the music had evolved were largely imported from France and were probably accurate enough for their time. They held that jazz came up the river from New Orleans to Chicago, there remaining largely pristine, but then went to New York and became something called "big band jazz."

A more elaborate version expanded on those geographical hints. It had jazz going up the river from New Orleans, stopping off for a while at St. Louis, and resting at Chicago (try going up the river from Chicago some time). Then everybody piled into model T Fords and Stutz-Bearcats and took off for New York, where jazz became uptown New York Style and downtown New York Style. Following this, it somehow jumped out to the Middle West to become Kansas City style. Then back to New York to become what was at first called re-bop.

Another version using style names instead of city names subdivided essentially the same theory. It held that there was original Negro New Orleans jazz, derivative white Dixieland jazz, and then there was swing, largely a big band style. There had also been, one used to admit with a vague gesture toward a distant past, something called ragtime. This approach has been more recently expanded to include bebop, then cool jazz, West Coast jazz, hard bop, funky, free form jazz or "the new thing," and so on, *ad* (it may turn out) *exhaustium*.

Ah, and already we have several obvious flaws, for St. Louis was a center of ragtime before the turn of the century, so what did New Orleans jazz encounter there, coming up the river in the late Teens and early Twenties? And surely both Chicago style and downtown New York style intend to be sophisticated refinements of basic Dixieland. And surely the players of Kansas City style were actually working out some of the rhythmic and melodic implications of Louis Armstrong's style; they had things in hand by about 1932. By 1937 and the Basie orchestra they had them down so well that the musicians could relax and play around with them. And surely most jazz since the mid-Forties has been strongly indebted to Charlie Parker, whether it is called bop, cool, or funky. These things being so, surely our theories of jazz history, musically speaking, are a useless tangle.

If we do look at jazz history without reference to maps but with only the concrete musical evidence of recordings, the first firm artistic fact we encounter is that from the mid-Twenties through the late Thirties, Louis Armstrong's genius as an intuitive improviser affected the work of every jazz musician. Certainly as a soloist, Armstrong inevitably had his imitators. But more important, he had his legitimate followers who worked out some of the implications of his style for themselves without doing imitations.

THAT Louis Armstrong was a powerful and compelling player should go without saying. He had also a more sophisticated sense of harmony and melody than any who had gone before him, and he gave the music a new stylistic language. Further, he had a rhythmic sense that was not only surer than what had gone before him but different, and, as André Hodeir pointed out in *Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence* (Grove Press), his rhythmic message was the essence of his contribution to jazz.

It is no coincidence that the word *swing* came into use among musicians while the music was under Armstrong's sway, for it is their word to describe his idea of jazz rhythm. He could play a phrase that had been around long before his time, but he would inflect it, accent it, pronounce it in such a way that it had a very different impetus and momentum, and this basic rhythmic impetus opened up the music to twenty years of development in melody and harmony as well. In short, his influence was profound, and from 1923-1943, most jazz, big band or small, is significantly "Louis Armstrong Style."

If we pick the next most important artistic fact in jazz after Armstrong's arrival and 1932 peak, it would surely be the maturity of Duke Ellington as a composer-arranger and bandleader. Ellington's function was not personal like Armstrong's, but rather that of a catalytic leader of a group of musicians, and his greatest contribution is not in discovering a new language—although his orchestral language was and still is exceptional and highly personal and involved the transmutation of a vast storehouse of devices into the jazz idiom. Ellington's contribution is that he discovered form for jazz, form that went beyond the individual improviser and beyond a succession of individual improvisers.

Equally obvious is the fact that the next great event in jazz music after Ellington's 1938-42 maturity was a period in which the artistic leadership fell largely to alto saxophonist Charlie Parker. Again, as with Armstrong, the music had the individual, intuitive improviser reinterpreting the jazz language and influencing the music pervasively for nearly twenty years. Also again, we have the fact that the basic contribution was rhythmic: the thing that characterizes Parker's playing and that so many people found so new in his work (new, and for some disturbing) was its rhythm —not so much the innovations in harmony and melody that were associated with this rhythmic character. Parker's accents fell on strong beats, weak beats, and in various places in between beats. Technically, one might say, with a certain gross but perhaps necessary simplification, that Louis Armstrong's idea of jazz rhythm is based on a quarter note and Parker's on an eighth note.

ACTUALLY, almost every harmonic device of modern jazz can probably be found somewhere or another, say, in the "experimental" music of the downtown New York schools of the Twenties, which centered around Red Nichols, Miff Mole, and various followers of Bix Beiderbecke. But on a Nichols record, deliberate harmonic sophistications are apt to sound stilted and even naïve, whereas in Dizzy Gillespie and Parker and Monk they sound perfectly natural and forceful. I suspect this is so because Nichols's associates are stiff and jerky rhythmically.

The musics of Armstrong, Ellington, and Parker are the major musical facts of jazz between the late Twenties and the early Fifties. And in them there is a kind of pattern, from Armstrong's innovations to Ellington's synthesis to Parker's innovations. One might expect then that by the late Fifties modern jazz would begin to find *its* synthesis in the work of a composer-

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arranger. And that is precisely what happened.

Upon Parker's death, musicians began to rediscover Theolonious Monk, and in his small groups Monk had rediscovered form. It was different from Ellington's form, freer perhaps, certainly more improvisational, but a good Monk performance is also all of a piece, and (to simplify it a bit) his continuity often depends on the leader's orchestral concept of his piano keyboard and his almost uncanny ability to fragment his composed themes as a part of his accompaniment and as a part of the melodic logic of his solos.

I do not think that Monk was alone in discovering appropriate form in modern jazz, for performances by the Modern Jazz Quartet have it, too. Monk also had a superb "pupil" for a while in tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins.

IF our scheme so far does describe some kind of pattern for jazz music, one might have expected by the late Fifties that the next major event following Monk's re-discovery of form, would be further innovation guided by a single player. Again, that is precisely what happened in the arrival of alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman. Inevitably, Coleman's work remains "controversial" in the trade and fan press, but not among the more far-seeing young musicians. And in him, we again see innovation that is basically rhythmic—he has a fresh and unexpected way of accenting and phrasing his melodies as he builds them, and he has allowed (one hopes for good and all, although he was not the first) for spontaneous collective changes of tempo within a single performance.

Thus, our scheme of jazz history involves a gradual evolution in rhythm, and a kind of pendulum swing from innovation to form to innovation to form. And it seems to me this scheme is given further confirmation even in pre-Armstrong music, where a paucity of recordings or reliable scores make the historian's problem much more difficult. There is, for example, an important composer-arranger who discovered orchestral form in a pre-Armstrong style: "Jelly Roll" Morton. Morton did use a few devices from later styles, an increasing use of solo improvising for one, and his major orchestral works were recorded late, after Armstrong's career had begun. But clearly he represents an earlier era, and from his first piano solos through his 1923 piano solos through his 1928 orchestral pieces, Morton's music presents form and synthesis in what jazz had achieved up to the time that Armstrong entered and began to redirect its course.

Rhythmically, I think we can go back even further than that. Judging from the scores that survive, the earliest American minstrel tunes seem to have been based on one heavy beat per bar, that is to say a rhythm based on a whole note—think of the vestiges of this in a familiar piece like "Rufus, Rastus, Johnson Brown." Later minstrel songs had a cakewalk rhythm of two heavy beats per bar—just think of how the cakewalk was danced on alternate high kicks. Ragtime, while it thrived (roughly from 1895 to 1910), seemed a bold and daring stroke. It no longer seems so today, but the thing that was so raggy about it then was that it added syncopations to the cakewalk rhythm. Think of the cakewalk as ONE two THREE four/ONE two THREE four, and ragtime as ONE and a TWO and a THREE and FOUR/. (We can also, by the way, extend our ideas into later jazz-influenced popular music: for two quick examples, George Gershwin's rhythmic idiom is pre-Armstrong; Harold Arlen's is post-Armstrong.)

I am convinced that this capacity for rhythmic growth is the thing that keeps jazz alive and able to maintain its identity. Without it, jazz might long ago have entered the genteel limbo of "light" music, with the "The Syncopated Clock," never to return. And there is nothing whatever in its outer environment that would insure such original rhythmic growth; there is everything in its environment that would insure a borrowed harmonic expansion, once jazz had begun to absorb European practice, as it did longer ago than anyone knows. But harmonic sophistication would not necessarily make good music.

I realize that my theory of jazz history involves some simplifications; players like Bix Beiderbecke, Lester Young, and Charlie Mingus, for example, besides their intrinsic merit, often predict future developments several years before they appear fully. But I don't think such a scheme precludes precursors any more than it precludes individuality within a period or style, once one of the great figures has established it.

LIKE any artistic theory, this one has its limitations. Art behaves much like human life and resists rigid categories. But this seems to me a sound view of what has happened in jazz—sounder at least than one that would involve piling up more geography or fashioning more stylistic catch-phrases.

It is, at any rate, one way of bringing some order to the history of a music that has seemed to change constantly and rapidly in its sixty or seventy years. It is also, I think, a way of showing that changes in jazz are not the result of caprice or fashion, but are sure signs of artistic life.

"The musics of Armstrong, Ellington, and Parker are the major musical facts of jazz between the late Twenties and the early Fifties. . . ."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Jazz LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Louis Armstrong: *Hello, Dolly!* Armstrong, trumpet and vocals; Trummy Young, trombone (two titles); Big Chief Russell Moore, trombone; Joe Darensbourg, clarinet; Billy Kyle, piano; Tony Gottuso, banjo and guitar (two titles); Glen Thompson, banjo and guitar; Arvell Shaw, bass; Danny Barcelona, drums. Kapp KL 1364, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Ten titles are added here to Armstrong's hit coupling of "Hello, Dolly!" and "A Lot of Livin' to Do." Some he has recorded before, like "Someday" and "Blueberry Hill," and others are new to his repertoire. At sixty-three, he has understandably switched emphasis from trumpet to vocals, but a positive quality compounded of zest, good humor, and rhythmic authority continues to communicate strongly. Big Chief Moore took Trummy Young's place after the "Hello, Dolly!" session, and the subsequent ensembles do not have the punch Young would have given them. In these circumstances, it is to be regretted that that able pianist, Billy Kyle, was not featured more.
Dave Burns: *Warming Up.* Burns, trumpet; Al Grey, trombone; Billy Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Harold Mabern, piano; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Herman Wright, bass; Otis "Candy" Finch, drums; Willie Corea, tymboli (two titles). Vanguard VRS 9143, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This is virtually the group fronted at one time by Al Grey and Billy Mitchell, with the difference that Burns as leader gets a larger slice of the solo cake. His muted horn is particularly impressive on "My Romance," a ballad requiring finesse, and in a contrastingly dramatic vein on Melba Liston's minor-key lament, "Now Ain't It?" which also inspires a notable plunger-muted statement from Al Grey. Mitchell is in an inventive mood on a brisk version of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" and a neatly arranged original by Burns called "Slippers." The playing and planning are generally well above the level found on small-band sessions today.
Illinois Jacquet: *Desert Sands.* Jacquet, tenor and alto saxophones; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Wendell Marshall, bass; Ray Lucas, drums; Willie Rodriguez, conga. Argo 735, mono and stereo, $4.98.	The second side opens with an exciting seven-minute version of "Lester Leaps In," where Jacquet satisfyingly evokes memories of Lester Young at his best. His solos are admirably complemented by those of Tommy Flanagan and Kenny Burrell. The slow, warmly romantic treatment of "You're My Thrill" reveals another aspect of Jacquet's musical personality, one that owes more to the Herschel Evans tradition than to Young's. There are good solos on the other five tracks, but they are all undermined by the irritating, anti-jazz clatter of what the liner describes as "Latin-drums." On "Blues for the Early Bird" there are two stimulating choruses by Flanagan, and Jacquet, playing alto, bows in the direction of Charlie Parker with fast runs and abruptly terminated phrases.
Jazz Critics' Choice: Recordings by Louis Armstrong, Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Jimmie Lunceford, Bessie Smith, Martial Solal, Claude Thornhill, Lester Young, Teddy Wilson, and Cootie Williams. Columbia CL 2126, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Of the twelve performances here, each selected by a different jazz critic, seven were made before 1940 and two in that year. Whether this reflects nostalgia, the critics' ages, or dissatisfaction with subsequent developments is not made clear, but the selections demonstrate once more that the limitations of 78 rpm records, far from being artistically harmful, actually compelled concise, pithy expression. They further suggest that André Hodeir was right and that the Swing Era *was* the classic era of jazz but, in choosing Bessie Smith's "Baby Doll" and Miles Davis's "So What?" John Hammond and Don DeMicheal respectively illustrate the values of earlier and later eras—and, incidentally, the fact that progress in jazz is neither uninterrupted nor easy to measure. "Blue Reverie" by Cootie Williams, the original backing of John S. Wilson's choice, has been pressed instead of "Downtown Uproar" on the review copy. It is a good performance, too.
Henry Levine: *NBC's Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street.* Levine's Barefoot Dixieland Philharmonic; Paul Laval's Woodwindy Ten; Sidney Bechet, soprano saxophone; Dinah Shore, Lena Horne, vocalists. Camden 802, $1.98; stereo, $2.98.	This derives from a popular prewar radio series on NBC. The idiom is Dixieland and the material standards and W. C. Handy blues. Dinah Shore sings four times on the first side, Lena Horne four times on the second. At Camden's modest price, however, the set is worth acquiring if only for the brilliant playing of Sidney Bechet on "Muskrat Ramble," where the sound of his soprano saxophone dances like lightning over the heads of the assembled Barefoot Dixieland Philharmonic. To rehear this great musician after a long interval is always an electric experience.
Billy Mitchell: *A Little Juicy.* Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Thad Jones, trumpet and flugelhorn; Richard Wyands, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Herman Wright, bass; Oliver Jackson, Jr., drums. Smash 27042, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	A reunion among a group of former Detroiters, this seems to owe much of its success and enthusiasm to the swinging foundation provided by drummer Oliver Jackson, for whom one number is named. The rhythm section, particularly on "Little Juicy," is really exciting. Mitchell is an energetic and inventive improviser who has perhaps not received due recognition because he avoids eccentricities and maintains good tone while executing his most daring fancies. His very original interpretation of "Stella by Starlight" departs altogether from the pale solemnity with which the number is usually invested. Thad Jones, who solos with his normal individuality on trumpet and flugelhorn, wrote four of the originals.
Phineas Newborn, Jr.: *The Great Jazz Piano of Phineas Newborn, Jr.* Newborn, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Milt Turner, drums; Sam Jones, bass (Side Two); Louis Hayes, drums (Side 2). Contemporary 3611, $498; stereo, $5.98.	Newborn's technique is so exceptional that he has inevitably been compared with Art Tatum, but his touch is less attractive and he does not swing so freely. The nine performances in this set are, however, far from being mere displays of virtuosity. The second chorus of "Prelude to a Kiss," the re-clothing of Monk's "Well, You Needn't," the swinging on Sonny Rollins's "Way Out West," and the graceful performance of Newborn's own sixteen-bar blues are all commendable, but there are long periods that seem to lack any emotional content, as though the head were involved but not the heart. Bassists Vinnegar and Jones acquit themselves well on their respective sides.
Freddie Roach: *Good Move.* Roach, organ; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Eddie Wright, guitar; Clarence Johnston, drums. Blue Note 4158, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Like Jimmy Smith, Roach quickly sets up a driving beat and then stays with it. Of all the small combinations active today, it is paradoxical that the organ groups should be those that swing most insistently, but this is also the secret of their popularity. The most successful of the four tracks on which Mitchell and Mobley play is—once the banal gospelry is dispensed with—"Wine, Wine, Wine." On the others in this well-organized set, Roach plays with only guitar and drums and has no trouble holding the attention on material that ranges from Gershwin's "It Ain't Necessarily So," Garner's "Pastel," and the Oliver-Young "Tain't What You Do" to his own "I.Q. Blues." The latter, named for the late Ike Quebec, is not helped by a bridge in three-quarter time.
Town Hall Concert: Five groups featuring Red Norvo, vibraharp; Gene Krupa, drums; Stuff Smith, violin; Don Byas, tenor saxophone; Teddy Wilson, piano. Mainstream 56000, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Best of these excerpts from a 1945 concert at Town Hall is an intense version of "Perdido" by Stuff Smith with piano accompaniment by Billy Taylor. Don Byas and bassist Slam Stewart duet fluently on a fast "I Got Rhythm" and the latter appears to advantage in a long, jammed "One Note Jive," which also contains excellent drumming by Specs Powell and good solos by Teddy Wilson, Red Norvo, and Eddie Bert. The influence of Trummy Young, rife at the time, is evident enough in Bert's engaging trombone solo. For the rest, there are *longueurs* by Flip Phillips, Charlie Ventura, and Gene Krupa. —STANLEY DANCE.

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FROM PICTURES TO POETRY

Bookshelf of the Blues

RECENT months have turned the desert of written material on folk and blues to an oasis of information. Available items run from annotated songbooks and collections, complete with reprinted sheet music, to poetic narratives and pictorial yearbooks. May we hope that the publishers' new-found courage, or awareness, in respect to this field of American music will continue and that these publications are just the beginning of a steady supply of the "written word."

We Shall Overcome! Songs of the Southern Freedom Movement, Oak Publications, $1.95, 112 pages. This collection was compiled by folksinger Guy Carawan, with his wife Candie, for the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee and includes not only innumerable related songs but also many photographs and dozens of written commentaries on sit-ins, freedom rides, voter registration, Greenwood, Birmingham, etc. It is a document of frustration, anguish, and, at times, anger. But notwithstanding all of this, it is a declaration of hope, a sung documentary of a most difficult time in American history. "We Shall Overcome," the unofficial theme song for the freedom struggle in the South, is reprinted in its entirety, as are other traditional songs and a worthy selection of originals. "This Little Light of Mine," "Come and Go With Me to That Land," and "We Shall Not Be Moved" are all sure to stand the test of time. The topical parodies, such as "Bull Connor's Jail," "Ballad for Bill Moore," "Parchman Parodies," and "Oh Pritchett, Oh Kelly," will more than likely not be found in any other collections. This book is a historical document deserving widespread recognition.

The Nearly Complete Collection of Woody Guthrie, Ludlow Music, $4, 264 pages. The impact of the poetic endeavors of Woody Guthrie upon the folk music of this country is so widespread and well known that little, if any, amplification is needed. Currently suffering from an incurable disease, Huntington's chorea, Guthrie during the creative portion of his life was not only prolific, but almost unbelievable. He has written somewhere in the neighborhood of 1,400 songs, almost all of them based on timely themes. Proof of the esteem in which he is held are the scores of individuals singing his songs and the many who imitate him.

This book of approximately 250 songs and music includes the very best of his efforts: "The Great Historical Bum," "Dust Bowl Refugee," and numerous other "dust bowl" ballads; "Going Down the Road Feeling Bad," "Hard Travellin," "Plane Wreck at Los Gatos," etc. Also included are a number of pencil drawings done by Guthrie himself. The value of the collection is inestimable, and it belongs on the shelf of anyone even remotely interested in folk music or Americana.

The Josh White Song Book, Quadrangle Books, $2.95, 191 pages. Dedicated to another giant of American music, this is the first compilation of songs, words, and music devoted wholly to Josh White. It includes a biographical section by Robert Shelton, well-written and informative, and a partial discography of available recordings. More than fifty songs are presented and include blues like "No. 12 Train," "Baby, Baby"; spirituals like "Jesus Gonna Make Up My Dyin' Bed," "Takin' Names"; songs of protest like "Strange Fruit," "Jim Crow Train," "Hard Time Blues"; ballads like "Delia," "Sam Hall," "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out"; work songs like "John Henry," and other ditties, and children's songs. The songs are not all Josh White originals (some are), but rather a selection of those that have come to be identified with him.

The Young Folk Song Book, Simon and Schuster, $2.95, 112 pages, brings together the "most requested" songs of four individuals, Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, Jack Elliott, and Peggy Seeger; and two groups, the New Lost City Ramblers and the Greenbriar Boys. All of these people have made a substantial imprint upon present-day folk music, and a cross section of their fine songs is printed (with arrangements by Earl Robinson for voice, piano, guitar, banjo, and mandolin). Despite the questionable value of some of the inclusions, the over-all production is a good one; it also contains a short, informative, biographical piece about each of the

(*Recordings continued on page* 65)

—*From "The Josh White Song Book."*

Josh White—"giant of American music."

IN MEMORIAM

Wilder Hobson

WILDER HOBSON'S first commentary on the music that interested him appeared in the first RECORDINGS supplement of *SR,* on August 30, 1947. It was devoted to current efforts of Bing Crosby, Mel Powell, Lucienne Boyer, and Louis Armstrong, among others. In his last, written shortly before his death on May 24 at the age of fifty-eight, he took up the case of the German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff.

When he was approached to take on a coverage of records in those pre-LP days, Hobson was agreeable, subject to one condition: he would write about what interested him, in whatever context he thought appropriate. Mindful of the fine and pioneering book he had written several years before (*American Jazz Music,* W. W. Norton and Co., 1939), the editor found the condition not only acceptable but inevitable. In all the months and years that followed, the content of Hobson's column was as much a surprise to the first reader (the editor) as it was to the second (the subscriber). Long after the long-playing record called for a variety of other commentators on the ever-broadening range of jazz, Hobson's choices remained as personal, as varied, and as good reading as they did in 1947.

Underlying all these attributes was the one without which any critic is doomed—enthusiasm. There was no doubt whatsoever that Hobson was deeply attached to the jubilant music of the Twenties with which he had grown up: the free-flowing, wide-ranging impulse of Armstrong and Beiderbecke, the spontaneous spring of Ellington and Hines, the tightly knit interplay of the Russell-Condon ensembles, the fervor of Teagarden and the rolling tide of Fats Waller. But he was equally responsive to the same impulses, wherever he found them: in Gillespie, in Parker, in the Modern Jazz Quartet, or in Monk. He frequently discoursed on the need for the listener to probe beneath names and labels to the essence of the expression itself, to the personal equation without which form becomes formula and virtuosity an arid accomplishment.

With Hobson, it could not be otherwise. For it was his own personal equation—taste plus talent equals accomplishment—that governed his judgment, motivated his enthusiasm. To say that he is irreplaceable is simply to say that jazz as well as RECORDINGS has lost a keen mind, a receptive ear, a warm heart. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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SIGMA DELTA CHI, IN PRESENTING ITS 1964 PUBLIC SERVICE AWARD TO LOOK MAGAZINE:

"LOOK is cited not for a single story or issue but for its continuing, penetrating definitions of man's problems in today's complex society."

So begins the citation accompanying the 1964 Award for Public Service in Magazine Journalism given by Sigma Delta Chi, America's oldest and largest professional journalistic society. The citation adds: "LOOK's reports on educational, civic, national, social and ethical problems are stimulating and provocative. They constitute an imaginative program of public service worthy of this special recognition."

One of journalism's highest and most coveted honors, this Sigma Delta Chi award goes to only one magazine a year. In each of the past three years—and in six of the past twelve—it has gone to LOOK. Other honors won by LOOK in 1964 include major awards from the Overseas Press Club, National Headliners Club, Newspaper Guild of New York, Freedoms Foundation, National Conference of Christians and Jews, National Safety Council, National Press Photographers Association and White House Press Photographers Association.

This critical acclaim, and the achievements that earned it, explain why LOOK is the biggest-selling magazine in its field and such an effective channel of communication to the American family.

LOOK—A PUBLICATION OF COWLES MAGAZINES AND BROADCASTING, INC.

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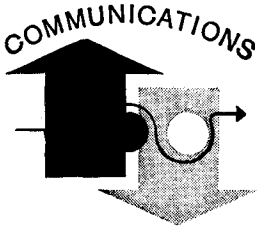
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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Trends in Typography

THE MOST interesting thing that's happened to us personally in a long, long time was recent participation as a judge in Philadelphia at the Ayer Cup typographical competition, in which 815 daily English-language newspapers offered entries this year. Something overwhelms a communicator when he casts his eyes upon a large proportion of the American press at one time. He is used to reading his local papers and likely to forget what enormous impact the daily press must have in this country until he sees a good percentage of it represented in rows on the marble lobby floor of the N. W. Ayer building. He cannot help but come away with some rather pronounced impressions about current makeup and typography, which for the most part are now more carefully planned and better executed in the smaller dailies of this country than in the larger metropolitan press. Here are some general observations:

Item: The judges noted how few newspapers in 1964 employ banks or subheads, although many make effective use of kicker headlines above and in apposition to multi-column heads.

Item: There seemed to be a tendency to clean up the one-time ragged right edges of flush-left headlines. When the flush-left, ragged-right style first began to flower twenty years ago (Scripps-Howard led the parade), a good deal more attention was then given at first to the ragged look than has been paid in recent years. However, there now appears to be a return to greater care in the writing of this type of headline, which is of course easier on the copyreader than perfect-count heads.

Item: Almost all daily newspapers now use at least two photographs on their front pages, and the number of photographs used throughout has increased considerably. Recent advances in small-paper engraving equipment have led to expanded use of more local pictures, which is all to the good in a pictorial age. A number of newspapers in the Ayer contest filled the three left-hand columns of page one with a series of unrelated photographs extending the full length of the front page, something no newspaper in its right mind would have done a generation ago.

Item: The use of upper-and-lower-case type for headlines is apparently here to stay. Body type is of course upper-and-lower, and heads in that style are simply easier to read. There was an almost total absence of all-capital headlines among the 1964 finalists in the Ayer judging. The *New York Times*'s all-caps headline format, for example, didn't even make the final round this year for the first time in the memory of man.

Item: Generally speaking, the smallest newspapers in this country are the best-looking; the metropolitan giants did not show up as well as before in this famed national typographical competition. A jarring tendency toward flamboyance, perhaps for street-sale reasons, appears to be damaging many fine metropolitan front pages that in the past have always been high up in competition for the Ayer Cup.

Item: In this connection, the 1964 winner is the smallest daily newspaper ever to win the Ayer Cup since the competition was originated by N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc., in 1931. The Lebanon, New Hampshire, *Valley News*, the

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new champion, has a circulation of only 6,911 but to the judges, who were unanimous in their final choice, this tidy, tiny paper simply had no competition from the metropolitan giants.

Item: The judges also found it significant that all four of the newspapers leading their circulation categories into the final 1964 round for the Ayer award used white space between columns instead of column rules. This seemed to give the front (and inside) pages more air and appeared to be a definite trend among American dailies.

Incidentally, the judges were enormously impressed by the SpectaColor process that turned up in one of the better entries, the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. This paper carried on its front page as beautiful a picture of a little girl watering azaleas as one could wish to see. The quality of the color printing was absolutely superb, as good as anything in a magazine published on heavy-coated stock. The incredible part of the whole SpectaColor process is that pictures of this sort are pre-printed on rolls; the rolls are then shipped to the newspaper in question, where they are rerun through an ordinary printing press that prints black and white type around the edges of the pre-printed color. If you've ever thought you had registration problems, you should try this one some time; yet the Philadelphia *Inquirer*'s front page, printed at top newspaper speed, was aligned color-to-black-and-white in perfect registry. It was no wonder that the judges gave the *Inquirer* a special citation for extraordinary use of color, but the honor truthfully belongs to the SpectaColor people themselves. It is the wave of the future in newspaper presentation. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

The Xerox U.N. Series

IT WAS HEARTENING indeed to read in Richard L. Tobin's editorial [*SR*, May 9] of the plans of the Xerox Corporation to sponsor a series of six ninety-minute television programs to create greater public understanding of the United Nations. The U.N., like the public schools, lacks the resources to sponsor a thoroughgoing program of public relations. The efforts of a corporation such as Xerox to aid in creating greater understanding of and appreciation for the United Nations are indeed praiseworthy. I hope you will pass along my approval to the corporation itself.

ROBERT W. COPE,
Supervising Principal,
Schwenksville Union School District.
Schwenksville, Pa.

Encouraging the Journalist

AS ONE OF THOUSANDS of teachers who have been aided in guiding students into journalism via the program of seminars and workshops sponsored by the *Wall Street Journal*'s Newspaper Fund, I am surprised to see no mention of this program in your boxed item on page 60 of *SR* for May 9.

SISTER MARY ALICE,
Keveny Memorial Academy.
Cohoes, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *No one has done more to encourage young people to enter journalism as a profession than the Newspaper Fund.*

Misplaced Enthusiasm?

RICHARD L. TOBIN'S ENTHUSIASM for the decision in the *Times* libel case [*SR*, Apr. 11] is misplaced if he thinks it a "vital victory" for a free press. A careful reading of the majority opinion will reveal that the case against the *Times* and the four ministers was not dismissed, but remanded to the state courts. In other words, the defendants will probably be retried.

The majority of the court would still subject a newspaper and individuals to damages for libelous remarks concerning a public official, if malice be shown. Malice is not a self-applying term but in the last analysis a judgment of jury or judge. If a jury wants to find against a defendant because it shares the public official's prejudices or has to rule for him because it fears a local demagogue in his battle with an outsider, it will find malice. Presumably all the trial judge must do at the second trial in this case is to take more care in his instructions to the jury.

It is just possible that the *New York Times* and the four ministers will find themselves with another half-million-dollar judgment and another expensive appeal to the United States Supreme Court. In the words of Justice Black, an Alabamian, in his concurring opinion, "There is no reason to believe that there are not more such large verdicts lurking just around the corner for the *Times* or any other newspaper or broadcaster which might dare to criticize public officials." As so often happens these days, some Supreme Court justices, three, not two in this case, are much more zealous in speaking up for the press's constitutional rights than are its own working members.

Much more to the point in this case, and what Mr. Tobin should have quoted, are these words of Justice Black: "This nation, I suspect, can live in peace without libel suits based on public discussions of public affairs and public officials. But I doubt that a country can live in freedom where its people can be made to suffer physically or financially for criticizing their government, its acts, or its officials."

LEONARD G. KRAMER.
Bay Shore, N.Y.

Parrish and the Past

AFTER READING the excellent article on Maxfield Parrish [*SR*, Mar. 14], I had to take time to tell you how much I enjoyed it. Two of his prints that hung in our house fascinated me as a child; his illustrations in my copy of *Arabian Nights* hold an equal fascination for my own children. It is their favorite "picture book," even though none of them are old enough to read it. Since we are so fond of his pictures, it was a real pleasure to read something about the man who painted them.

DEBRA M. WHITNEY.
Altamonte Springs, Fla.

Vin Scully *vs.* Mel Allen

THOUGH I DO NOT want to detract from Mr. Allen's talents, it is obvious that your correspondent Grace Lichtenstein [*SR*, May 9] hasn't heard the youthful professor who could teach them all: Vin Scully, the antenna of the Los Angeles Dodgers. Mr. Scully's voice as well as his scale of emotional intonations link present plays with reminiscences of past similarities that both stimulate a chuckle and moisten an eye by their verity of delivery. He projects a grin for his enthusiasm, a frown for a neglected rule, a heavy sigh for a blemish in the rules of fair play. Quite a trick to see so well with one's ear! He has captured an audience for baseball that, until they were within range of his voice, didn't know a bat from a billiard cue. They, too, were lured by an exuberance that said "We're having fun in here . . . come join the party!" He's not a relative, not even an acquaintance—but, most definitely, a friend.

ELAYNE LANSBURG.
Los Angeles, Calif.

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THE HIGH COST OF WRITING

By JAMES F. FIXX

"There has been a constant shrinking of the main market for free-lance writers. There are more magazines but the pay is smaller. It takes as long to do the articles but you have to do more of them. The result is that many members of the Society of Magazine Writers have been diverted to television, books, lectures, and commercial writing. The society even has a sort of employment service; members notify us if they're available for commercial assignments. A lot of them are."

—ROBERT BENDINER, president of the Society of Magazine Writers.

SOME of the best magazine articles never get written. Consider the case of a writer, a professional free-lancer, who has an idea for an article on some important aspect of public affairs. His subject, let's say hypothetically, is the changing philosophy of the American civil rights movement. He does a modest amount of preliminary research and produces an outline with which he hopes to interest a magazine editor and thereby receive a firm commitment for the finished article. As the writer conceives the article, it will require several weeks of additional research, interviews with civil rights leaders, and some travel. In short, his own investment in the piece, both in time and money, is going to be heavy. If he is able to interest one of the high-paying magazines – preferably one that provides expenses – he will have no problem. But if he cannot – if he is able to get a promise of no more than a few hundred dollars from a magazine of smaller circulation–he may be inclined to give the whole thing up as a bad investment and settle for some other article that can be written more quickly. Because their livelihoods are involved, few full-time free-lancers are able to afford many prolonged labors of love.

The high cost and low pay involved in certain articles is an old problem to free-lancers, and it is for this reason that more than one writer has become discouraged with the very notion of even trying to tackle anything that requires a great amount of research. It's simpler and surer to grind out a succession of ephemeral pieces that are more likely to find a quick market. And if it is also somewhat more cynical, who can be blamed for having an accurate view of the market place where a writer's wares are traded?

Within the last two years, however, two organizations have come forward with a tentative solution to the problem. Neither, so far, has been able to have much impact on the entire range of magazine writing, but the programs are still new and their promise is enormous. The two organizations, both of them foundations, have hit on a method that is disarmingly simple: They make grants, ranging up to about $2,000, to writers who otherwise would be unable to undertake the research necessary to write a specific article. The grants thus supplement the fees ordinarily paid by magazines.

Some of the articles already written or in progress under the two programs suggest the possibilities that are currently being explored:

► A study of recent changes in the building codes of St. Louis and the economic and social results.

► An analysis of company pension plans.

► An article on the pros and cons of proposed firearms legislation and the role of the National Rifle Association as a lobby.

► An article based on a four-month visit to Nigeria.

► A study of the problems plaguing the Library of Congress.

As one editor said the other day about an article being written for his magazine under one of the grants, "We just couldn't pay for that kind of article, and it's not likely that a magazine big enough to pay for it would be willing to print it."

The two foundations that have recently taken an interest in magazine writing are the Beinecke Foundation of New York and the Philip M. Stern Family Fund of Washington, D.C. Although there are minor individual differences, both operate similarly and both are facing some of the same initial problems.

The Beinecke Foundation makes its grants only to members of the Society of Magazine Writers, a Manhattan-based organization of some 200 free-lancers. "In 1962," recalls Robert Bendiner, the current president of the group, "we were casting about for ways of elevating the tone of free-lance article writing. Free-lancers were unable to do certain stories. They wanted to write some pieces that only the serious, small-circulation magazines would take. But because of the time and expense involved, they often couldn't afford to do those pieces."

One day Wilbur Cross, a member of the Society of Magazine Writers, was talking with a representative of the Sperry and Hutchinson Company. The two had met earlier when Cross was preparing an article on trading stamps for *Life*. Cross happened to mention that the society was looking for ways to upgrade magazine writing, and the S&H official in turn told Cross about the Beinecke Foundation, which had been established by the family of that name that owns S&H Green Stamps. The foundation's interest until then, he said, had been primarily in rare books and libraries–it had, for example, recently put up the celebrated Beinecke Library at Yale–but there was a possibility that the Beineckes might be interested in supporting magazine writing.

As it turned out, they were. The program was launched early last year with a $10,000 gift. Thus far about half of it has been used to support the writing of seven or eight articles.

A MEMBER of the Society of Magazine Writers who wants to obtain a grant files an outline of his proposed article, along with a letter from an editor saying he intends to publish the article if it meets his expectations. The application is screened by a board of judges consisting of Alistair Cooke of the *Manchester Guardian*, Benjamin De Mott, chairman of the Department of English at Amherst College, and Robert Heilbroner, an author and former president of the Society of Magazine Writers.

The record shows, Bendiner points out, that fewer than half the requests for support have been granted. "They're turned down for a number of reasons," he says. "The magazine chosen may not be considered significant enough for a major story. Or the judges may not have sufficient confidence in the writer's ability to do the story. Or they may not find the subject important enough." But once a grant is made, the writer gets his

(*Continued on page* 56)

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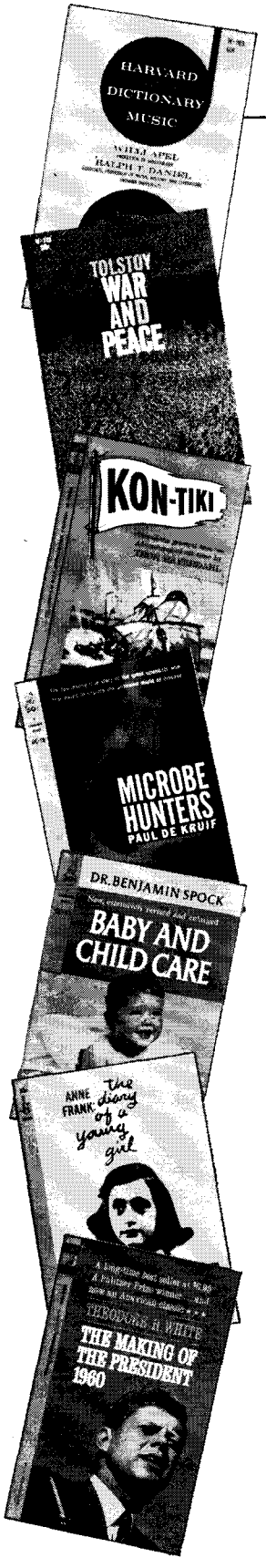
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DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK BABY AND CHILD CARE
ANNE FRANK the diary of a young girl
THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1960

A birthday message

This June of 1964 Pocket Books, Inc. celebrates its 25th birthday. Its colophon, a drawing of a small kangaroo known as a wallaby, began to travel throughout the world in 1939, bringing entertainment, understanding and knowledge to people everywhere, through books.

The first "Gertrude" looked like this:

Like the rest of us, she has changed while growing up. But her present appearance is remarkably like the original:

And with the passing years she has had sister colophons:

for Cardinal Editions

for Permabooks

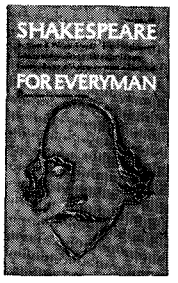
for Washington Square Press

for All Saints Press

for Pocket Book Specials

Over the past quarter of a century, these symbols of Pocket Books, Inc. have appeared on some 3,000 titles and on approximately one billion books.

William Shakespeare was born on April 23, 1564, some years before "Gertrude." This year the world is celebrating his Quadricentennial. Pocket Book #3 was *Five Great Tragedies of Shakespeare* and our devotion to the Bard of Avon has continued ever since. We are the proud publishers of the Folger Library General Reader's Shakespeare series, edited by Louis B. Wright and Virginia LaMar, Director and Executive Secretary of the Folger Library in Washington, D.C. which houses the largest collection of Shakespeareana in the world. Twenty-two of the plays are now in print in the unique Folger format. To help celebrate the Quadricentennial we've just published Dr. Wright's *Shakespeare For Everyman.*



Happy Birthday, Will! May we quote you?

Berowne: *"What is the end of study, let me know.*

King: *Why, that to know which else we should not know.*

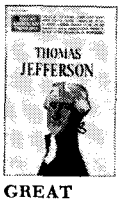
Berowne: *Things hid and barred, you mean, from common sense?*

King: *Ay, that is study's godlike recompense."*

(Love's Labors Lost—Act I, Scene I)

"Gertrude," like King Ferdinand has always been a great believer in the virtue of knowledge, but not to the exclusion of women. Could any mother so betray her sex? Recent publications testify to her devotion to universal education. In the past two years, six new series have been born:

CREDO SERIES



GREAT AMERICAN THINKERS SERIES

GREAT HISTORIES SERIES

GREAT RELIGIONS OF MODERN MAN

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY LIBRARY OF SCIENCE

READER'S ENRICHMENT SERIES

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from Gertrude

POCKET BOOKS, INC
TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
1939 1964

"Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith
we fly to heaven."
(2 Henry VI—Act IV, Scene 7)

Granted. But to achieve we need the tools and tongues of language. And "Gertrude" in her short life has published a wide assortment of such tools, ranging from basic reference works to self-teaching texts, from one volume surveys of various fields of knowledge to anthologies of great drama, poetry, art and fiction.

One of her early ventures was *The Pocket Book of Basic English* by I. A. Richards to serve the millions of immigrants to our country and the many more millions abroad for whom English is becoming a second language. From that title grew the Language Through Pictures Series which now offers basic instruction in French, German, Hebrew, Italian, Russian and Spanish, as well as English.

New Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary

Larousse French-English Dictionary

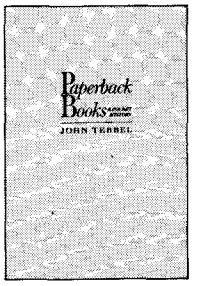
Univ. of Chicago Spanish-English Dictionary

Accompanying these self-teaching texts are fine dictionaries, both mono-lingual such as *The New Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary, Diccionario del Idoma Espanol and Larousse de Poche,* and bilingual such as *Langenscheidt's German-English: English-German, Mondadori's Italian-English: English-Italian, Benyehuda's Hebrew-English: English-Hebrew* and, this August, *Romanov's Russian-English: English-Russian Dictionary.*

"Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach
serves you.
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect."
(The Taming of the Shrew—Act I, Scene 1)

What, dear readers, is your pleasure? "Gertrude" has tried to serve you all whether what you most affect be *How To Win Friends and Influence People* or *The World's Best Recipes* or *How to Stop Smoking.* If your delight be novels, or classics, or detective stories, or westerns or tales of true adventure—"Gertrude" provides an ample library from which to choose. Do you prefer to read the lives of great men and women, or the works of the philosophers, or the stirring events of history?

Is what you want the study of nature, or the playing of games, or the joys of being a happy householder and parent? Does science suit you best? Or politics? Or the sweet voices of poetry? "Gertrude's" birthday message to you all is to ask that you look into the delights she offers in books—whatever "you most affect."



She will gladly send you a catalogue. And as a special Birthday gift, you may have a copy of John Tebbel's new book *—Paperbacks: A Pocket History.* Both are free-on-request if you write to Pocket Books, Inc.; Mail Service Department; 1 West 39th Street; New York 18, New York.

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(*Continued from page* 53)
money and is on his own. From then on, it's up to him and the editor.

The Stern Fund says it places "special emphasis on writings in fields such as public affairs, science, and medicine which the fund feels will adduce new facts or illuminate an area in which public knowledge is scant." Started with $10,000 (later augmented by an additional $15,000), it has so far made twenty-three grants ranging from $400 to $2,000. Unlike the Beinecke program, the Stern Fund is available to any free-lance writer who can demonstrate his qualifications to a board of advisers composed of Louis Lyons, curator of the Nieman Fellowship Program at Harvard, Washington columnist Marquis Childs, author William S. White, and physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer. (Inquiries may be addressed to the Philip M. Stern Family Fund, 1712 I Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.)

At least one of the foundations, despite its promise of unaccustomed largesse, has discovered that giving money away is not as easy as might be imagined. Bendiner, as administrator of the Beinecke program, says he has been disappointed in the small number of applications for grants. "It may be," he said recently, "that it's too much trouble to see an editor and prepare an application. The writers may feel that it's easier to go to the *Post* or *Life* or *Look* and try to get a commitment than to apply for a grant. Writers aren't very enthusiastic about red tape."

But an even more controversial problem is represented by the attitude of one magazine, *The Reporter,* toward subsidized magazine articles. It will have nothing to do with them.

Philip Horton, *The Reporter's* executive editor, explained his magazine's attitude in a conversation the other day. "We feel that, whatever the basic motive, there's no way of avoiding some loss of editorial responsibility," he said. "We'd rather struggle along and keep our editorial integrity absolutely inviolable. I'm very dismayed at the number of magazines that have gone along with this."

Several writers and editors, however, discussing *The Reporter's* position, said they were unable to understand how editorial integrity could be undermined by the two programs. At *Harper's,* Associate Editor Marion Sanders said, "Ideas for articles come from the writer and the editor, not the judges. I don't understand *The Reporter's* criticism." And Carl Bakal, a writer who recently received a grant from the Beinecke Foundation, said, "If the ultimate control were in the hands of the funds, I could understand *The Reporter's* position. But it's not. If I wanted to, I could suggest an article advocating the abolition of Green Stamps. If an editor likes an idea, he takes it. But he's under no obligation to take it. He's free to accept or reject any idea he wants."

Bendiner ventured the opinion that the magazine's position may in part be a reaction to the practice of some public relations firms. In order to get a story favorable to a client into print, he said, these firms sometimes plant an idea with a writer, then give him money under the guise of "research funds." "This," he said, "is clearly an unethical practice and may be one reason *The Reporter* won't participate."

MEANWHILE, however, a number of magazines of relatively small circulation have been willing to involve themselves in a program that promises the writer greater financial recognition than he is ordinarily able to achieve. No one argues with the fact that it is wrong for a writer to accept money from one of his sources of information or from a person or company interested in the outcome of an article. But most magazines find it entirely consistent with journalistic ethics that an article should be partially supported by a disinterested foundation. And they are ready to applaud a program that promises the nonfiction writer some of the same rewards that for so long have been the characteristic lot of his "creative" brethren.

For it is a fact that the magazine writer, despite a contemporary significance that is apparent to even the most casual newsstand browser, does not receive the applause accorded many other kinds of writers. It is true, of course, that a handful of magazine writers of the past, notably the muckrakers, are currently enjoying something of a minor vogue, but that phenomenon offers small comfort to a man trying to make a living today. There are numerous symptoms of the magazine writer's neglect—all of which have been the subject of endless gloomy speculation wherever the brotherhood gathers—but they have seldom been described as cogently as in a recent column by John Fischer of *Harper's.* "Because, by arbitrary definition, he is not 'creative,' [the magazine writer] is ignored by the big foundations," Fischer wrote. "Critics and the literary priesthood of Academia regard him as a hack unworthy of their attention. What little recognition he gets is within the small circle of his own trade. The *New York Times,* for example, regularly devotes a full page to the Pulitzer Prizes; but on those rare occasions when a magazine writer gets some kind of an award, the *Times* mentions it (if at all) in a single paragraph on page 17."

It will be an achievement worth cheering if the Stern and Beinecke programs prove to be a start, however modest, toward helping the magazine writer fight his way out of the back pages.

"If you feel like a caged beast, why don't you *act* like a caged beast?"

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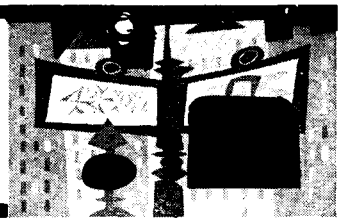
Madison Avenue



Corporate Censorship

EVEN though it is a bit unusual for advertising agencies to resign accounts, such events seldom attract interest outside trade circles. Recently, however, one such resignation sent a shock wave of comment through the business world and put a spotlight on some important questions involving the contemporary role of the businessman.

Initially, the incident seemed routine enough. Several weeks ago a San Francisco agency president, Howard Gossage, sent out an announcement that his agency, Freeman & Gossage, had resigned the American Petrofina account. Mr. Gossage said he had taken this action because of the resignation of J. M. Shea, Jr., senior vice-president and a director of Petrofina, as well as a close friend of Mr. Gossage.

Mr. Gossage, it turned out, was not telling the whole story. For the real reason behind both his agency's resignation and Mr. Shea's stemmed from a chain of events that started with the assassination of President Kennedy.

Before that time, Mr. Shea had been an obscure, prosperous Dallas businessman who took part in a few civic activities and held a solid niche in local business. Mr. Shea had been mildly disturbed by the growth of political fanaticism in Dallas and by the reluctance of his fellow businessmen to squelch the Birchers and their ilk, but he had not bothered to articulate his concern.

Then came the assassination. Even though the apparent assassin, Lee Oswald, turned out to be a Communist sympathizer, his bizarre act symbolized to Mr. Shea the dangers of fanaticism of both left and right.

Subsequent events in Dallas heightened his concern. Mr. Shea overheard a small group of extremists angrily scolding the priest at his local Catholic Church for holding a requiem mass for the dead President. Another fanatic charged that the encyclicals of Pope John XXIII had been "Communist-inspired." Moreover, Mr. Shea noted that many residents of Dallas, instead of coming to grips with the tragedy, seemed intent on shrugging it off in vague hopes that the atmosphere of hate would somehow vanish.

Mr. Shea decided, therefore, to speak his piece. He wrote an article for *Look* magazine in which he denounced Dallas's leaders for coddling the extremists. In Dallas, he asserted, there were "so many Americans vowing vengeance upon their President that a known Communist would seem to veteran security men like a lesser menace."

He pursued this thesis in talks to groups in Dallas, arguing that the apathy of local leaders had permitted the fanaticism of "a vocal minority to set the tone of the entire city." Mr. Shea called on responsible citizens to speak out and urged, as a start, that the Texas School Book Depository be transformed into a center for municipal studies dedicated to the memory of the late President.

Mr. Shea's outspoken remarks aroused much local reaction. He received hundreds of letters praising his views. His company also received a few dozen letters deploring the stand, many containing torn up credit cards for Fina gas stations. In his public remarks Mr. Shea had been careful not to represent himself as a spokesman for his company, and he had not identified his employer at all in his *Look* article.

Petrofina officials nonetheless asked Mr. Shea to agree to an arrangement whereby his public utterances would be screened by the company. Such an arrangement struck Mr. Shea as an infringement not only on his rights of free speech but also on his civic duties, and he promptly resigned. So did Mr. Gossage.

As the circumstances surrounding Mr. Shea's resignation became known, they generated discussion in business circles. The basic question was whether a corporation like Petrofina (an affiliate of Petrofina SA in Belgium) had the moral or constitutional right to demand "clearance" of employees' personal views. This issue had aroused corporate concern recently because of racial tensions in many corporate communities. Bethlehem Steel, for example, recently dismissed a community relations aide who, as a private citizen, had joined a local group working to improve race relations in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Bethlehem's fear, like that of Petrofina, was that local extremists would state that this aide's views reflected those of the company, which desired to remain aloof from controversy.

Some corporate executives have argued that their companies must in fact maintain this aloof posture on social and political issues to the point of discouraging executives from taking stands that might cause a "problem" for their employers. The result of this doctrine has been that the business elite in many communities has been gagged on important issues—the phenomenon Mr. Shea was deploring. This policy also has been reflected in the reluctance of national corporations with Southern offices to take positions or allow their executives to take personal positions on racial issues.

Professor Andrew Hacker of Cornell gave tacit support to this doctrine in a recent article in which he defended Roger M. Blough of U.S. Steel against critics who had charged that U.S. Steel had not exerted proper leadership in Birmingham's troubled racial situation. Mr. Blough had responded to this charge by stating that it would be wrong for a national company such as his to exert any form of economic pressure on social issues.

"It may well be," wrote Professor Hacker, "that corporations should drop all ideas about their supposed social responsibilities. The only responsibility of corporations is to make profits."

There are many businessmen who believe that both Mr. Hacker and Mr. Blough are either wrong-headed or unrealistic or both. The denial of these responsibilities, they suggest, can only lead to the sort of executive censorship as was suffered by Mr. Shea, and also to the sort of abdication of leadership to which he was referring. Moreover, they add, no company that is truly involved with its community can hope to remain aloof any longer.

"You simply can't say, 'social issues like race relations don't concern us,'" states the executive of a major chemical company. "There has to be a commitment. For example, my company has found it necessary to hire Negro chemists. Yet none would work with us because they couldn't get proper housing. So my company, working quietly with civic and church groups, saw to it that these Negro families got settled in white communities. We're not social workers, but we had no choice."

Mr. Shea would agree. He plans to stay in Dallas and fight.

—PETER BART.

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U. S. Mail: Campus for Cameras

By MARGARET R. WEISS

A BRILLIANT Technicolor-blue sky gave the hospital-buff waters of the Saugatuck an unaccustomed sparkle. The day was cold and clear—and so was our reason for visiting Westport: a first-hand, close-range look at the latest addition to the Famous campus.

The capital "F" is not a typographical error. That happens to be the registered corporate name of a hutch of schools now famous enough to have a fiscal volume of enrollments amounting to almost $13,000,000, to be publicly traded on the American Stock Exchange, and to be starred in a popular travel guide as a "place of special interest worth seeing when you tour Connecticut."

On first glance, the complex of gleaming yellow-white buildings—with directors and faculties, administrative offices, conference and seminar rooms, special laboratory and darkroom facilities, a neat honeycomb of parking area—reflects a typical modern campus. Compact and bristling with crisp, computer-like efficiency, it has everything one would expect to find at a well-equipped institution of learning—everything, that is, except students-in-the-flesh. For this campus on Wilton Road is the home of home study, hub of an international instruction-by-mail operation that extends from Westport to West Germany and soon will include Japan and Australia, too.

Until early this year, Albert Dorne, founder-president of Famous Artists Schools, Inc., has been concerned with building a home-study empire of art and writing courses. Now for the first time, with the inauguration of the Famous Photographers School, his craftsmanship-by-correspondence formula is being applied to photography.

In selecting a director for his new school, President Dorne chose well. A photographer of Victor Keppler's stature assured him of a "dean"—one whose professional reputation could attract an advisory faculty representing equally distinguished achievements in their own specialized fields.

This first challenge Keppler met successfully. The names of his ten-member "Guiding Faculty" comprise a thumbnail photographic *Who's Who*. Richard Avedon, Richard Beattie, Joseph Costa, Arthur d'Arazien, Alfred Eisenstaedt, Harry Garfield, Philippe Halsman, Irving Penn, Bert Stern, and Ezra Stoller rank among the nation's busiest and best-known practitioners in fashion and advertising, in all phases of photojournalism and press coverage, in architecture and industry.

The "what's what," however, is as important as the "who's who." And this was the second of the challenges Victor Keppler had to face. Could a course of study—home study, at that, without benefit of direct student-teacher contact or on-the-spot exchange of ideas—be welded together from the cumulative knowledge and experience of these ten specialists? Could it effectively translate professional "know-how" into "how-to" and "do-it-yourself" terms? Could it teach a visual art by visual-aid techniques alone? Could it be made to serve the needs of those who are looking for advancement in a photographic career as well as of others who merely seek improved skills for pursuing a hobby?

Approximately six years of ten-man talk and almost three years of solid application passed before Keppler had his answers. "I often felt just like an impresario—halfway between a Hurok and a Hitler. The men were wonderful—and I don't like to use the word 'temperament,' but . . ." There were no buts, though, about the results of the countless conferences, the protracted taping and editing sessions, the thousand or more pictures that the faculty guides had to turn out to supplement illustrative material already in their files. The end product was a set of four huge textbooks—the physical embodiment of twenty-four lessons in theory and practice that will serve as combined library and lecture hall for the FPS student's three-year curriculum.

When copies of these handsomely styled books were dispatched to the men responsible for their contents, Keppler received immediate and positive reactions. He especially enjoyed the telephone call from Irving Penn. "Say, I'm going to have to take the course myself," Penn said with a laugh. "I read Lesson 2, and some of the information helped me solve a problem today!"

Before launching a full-scale campaign for prospective students through direct mail and the FPS sales organization, however, Keppler decided to give the course a "test run." A group of sixty volunteers—people of assorted ages, differing economic and educational levels, and varying degrees of photographic skill—were invited to participate in a three-part test utilizing different lessons in the textbooks.

—*Leonard Frehm.*

Arthur d'Arazien, FPS director Victor Keppler, and Joseph Costa confer on textbook layouts.

First, each panelist submitted a picture representative of his existing capabilities. The school followed up by sending him an appropriate FPS lesson to study. Applying what he had learned from the lesson-in-print, he took a second shot of the same subject. A school instructor returned it to him with a visual critique—a transparent overlay indicating its strengths and shortcomings—and a three-page letter of detailed explanation. Then came the third crucial photo in which the panelist applied the instructor's suggestions—the picture that in itself would be a "visual critique" of the school's fundamental teaching formula.

WHEN all the evidence was in, Keppler, guiding faculty, and panelists were impressed with what the test demonstrated. Arthur d'Arazien commented on one panelist: "His first photograph is typical of the kind that the average amateur takes; his final photograph shows tremendous potential and real progress." About another panelist's work, Richard Beattie voiced his pleased surprise: "She's learned how to take the kind of picture that advertisers and editors are looking for!"

For Keppler, "the consistent differences between Photo 1 and Photo 3 in almost every case were remarkable—and all the improvement was due to the lesson and critique. . . . The actual stu-

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dents are now taking far more photos after each lesson than the panelists took. And the critique covers not just one photo, but negatives, proof sheets, and enlargements as well." Viewing the results he has seen thus far, he feels "absolutely convinced this course can train people to become highly skilled photographers."

Sixteen hundred and fifty other individuals must share Keppler's conviction, too, for that is the number of FPS students enrolled to date. Of these, about two-thirds are between twenty-one and forty-five, though ages range from sixteen to "over sixty-five"; almost half have had some photographic training; about 20 per cent are employed in some phase of photography; a comparable percentage are in professional or technical fields, half of these in an executive capacity; approximately one-third hold bachelor's or graduate degrees; four out of five have darkroom and enlarging equipment—though there were four people who did not own a camera when they enrolled.

In terms of tuition fees, 1,650 students add up to $866,250. This, after only a few months, is more than "par for the course"—a remarkable head start toward defraying the million-dollar cost of establishing the school. Obviously, there's gold in them thar "stills," as the annual report to shareholders points out: "This spontaneous enthusiasm strengthens management's opinion that the market potential of the new School is far greater than that of either the Famous Artists School or the Famous Writers School."

Despite FPS's accreditation by the National Home Study Council, there are some in the education field who eye this avowed profit motive with a measure of suspicion. (Perhaps this attitude accounts for one newspaper reporter's recent description of the corporation officers as "a little defensive.") Others look with disfavor on what they regard as mechanized or assembly-line aspects of the school's system. They see automation's ogre lurking in the offset printing presses that process "inspiration" letters, in the Telecord phones into which instructors dictate letters directly to a Transcription Department, in the floor-to-ceiling revolving lazy-Susans that hold thousands of student "personality-profile" folders. And still other critics object to what they feel is merely façade for upgrading home study from the stigmatized "correspondence-course" level. This may be true. But it is also smart packaging—important in today's marketing whether the product to be sold is cornflakes or courses in photography.

Some of the other questions that have been raised about FPS seem of greater concern. Are the students "misguided" into believing that the eminent Guiding Faculty are personally supervising their work? FPS brochures and ads explain—even though the print may be fairly small—that campus-based photographer-instructors are the actual teaching faculty whose guidance and evaluation the students receive. With the requisite textbook material already provided, a Guiding Faculty member's future personal participation (except for his shares of stock and a percentage of the school's gross annual income) is limited to conducting two or three seminars for the resident faculty each year.

In a foreword to Volume I of the textbooks, facsimile signatures of the Guiding Faculty appear below this statement: "We will do everything we can to help you succeed in your chosen field. All through your training you will receive individual attention from photographer-instructors who are specialists in every phase of the work you do and send in for evaluation. We will try in every way to make you feel that we are close to you as teachers—and that your problems are ours."

Sentence 2 in the above states an operational fact; the first and third sentences express feeling or spirit, which is difficult to dispute. Here, misinterpretation by some is possible—but *caveat emptor* is always in order whenever any sales transaction is involved.

The final and most pertinent question remains: does FPS fulfil its purpose and claims? It neither promises to produce creative artists nor guarantees job placement. What is proffered is practical training in basic techniques of the craft, the discipline of a regular schedule of assignments and projects, critical analysis and appraisal of the student's work by a qualified photographer-instructor.

No one at FPS claims that its course will "make the educated man" or discover genius where it doesn't exist. "The scholar is not made by a single lesson," runs the axiom—and twenty-four lessons won't make the photographic artist, either. But armed with fundamental techniques, exposed even indirectly through the textbooks to leading photographers' working philosophies, the student with professional potential should be able to develop his own art of seeing to the degree that he possesses —and practices—it. This, perhaps, is the most one may expect of any system of instruction, whether its locus is a home workshop, a campus classroom, or a master's studio.

Certainly it is premature either to congratulate or to condemn the FPS teaching method. There will subsequently be public exhibitions of students' work, along with its publication in the school's forthcoming photography magazine. These should provide some tangible proof of how much this home-study course can accomplish—of how effective photography instruction-by-mail can actually be.

In the meantime, with the Famous campus already responsible for 40 per cent of Westport's mail, one can only hope the town post office is gearing itself for an even heavier load.

—*Victor Keppler.*

The FPS "Guiding Faculty" caught on camera: Penn, Stern, Avedon, Beattie, Eisenstaedt, Halsman, Stoller, d'Arazien, Costa, Garfield.

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CHICAGO: SECOND CITY IN ADVERTISING

By GEORGE LAZARUS, *advertising columnist for the Chicago Daily News.*

CHICAGO.

WHAT will happen to many of the nation's leading advertising agencies when their pioneering founders have moved away from the role of active participation? Probably the same thing that wise corporations plan for, namely a smooth process of succession as the reins are passed from older, perhaps tired hands, to young, ebullient aides who have spent enough time in the business to share, at least partially, the founder's philosophy.

Chicago provides an excellent example of this emphasis on youth, and if the rest of the country's advertising agencies are moving in the same direction, the public can look forward to even more fresh and creative approaches to the problem of inducing it to buy. Many of the more than 400 Chicago ad agencies, small and large, are headed by men in their thirties and forties. While such advertising spokesmen as Leo Burnett and Fairfax Cone rule the so-called Chicago School of Advertising, there is a decided youth movement under way that already has won and promises to bring even greater recognition for the city's growing advertising business.

Two of the most newsworthy younger statesmen in the new advertising leadership are Paul C. Harper, Jr., who only three years ago, at the age of thirty-nine, took over the helm of Needham, Louis & Brorby (the second biggest Chicago-based agency, with billings of $55,000,000), and Carl Post, forty-eight, chief executive officer of Post-Keyes-Gardner, who last winter narrowly failed to effect the biggest merger (with Maxon) in history.

There are plenty of others involved in this advertising youth movement, including Charles S. Winston, Jr., forty-five, executive vice president and general manager of Foote, Cone & Belding's Chicago office; Clinton E. Frank, forty-nine, former Yale All-America football ace, who heads an agency bearing his own name; David Echols, forty-seven, senior vice president in charge of the Chicago office of Fuller & Smith & Ross; George Rink, forty, president of the newly formed Rink, Wells & Associates; and David G. Watrous, forty-nine, president of Earle Ludgin & Co.

The growing strength of the "whiz kids" in Chicago is evident even in the second echelon or near-top level of management. Here we find such executives as Otis Hubbard, Jr., thirty-six, vice president for corporate development at Needham, Louis & Brorby; Paul Brickman, forty, vice president and chairman of the plans board, FSR-Chicago; Bernard Gross, forty-six, senior vice president of McCann-Erickson's Chicago office; and Philip H. Schaff, Jr., forty-three, chairman of the executive committee of the Leo Burnett Co.

Chicago advertising leaders are making a dedicated effort to insure the supply of talent. The Chicago Council of the American Association of Advertising Agencies has just concluded a unique thirty-week training school for young executives, many of them in the twenty-five to thirty-five-year age bracket. The school, under the auspices of the Institute of Advanced Advertising Studies, was held on Northwestern University's campus in suburban Evanston. Agencies shelled out $500 a head in tuition for thirty-five admen, who were put through a rigorous study schedule of every phase of the business. The faculty was star-studded, with big names from in and outside Chicago.

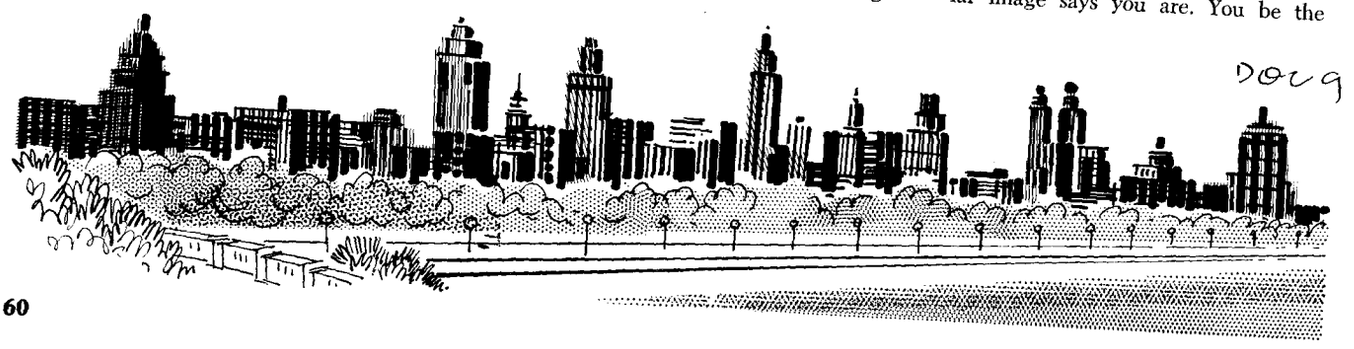
This educational undertaking attracted much industry attention; other 4A groups and a number of schools and colleges sought more information on the project. And in late April the Chicago Council made a presentation on its school at the national 4A's convention in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. Plans, meanwhile, are under way to conduct a similar training school in 1964-65.

The city's advertising fathers also realize there aren't enough distinctly creative people available to meet present business demands in Chicago, or any other city, for that matter. Therefore Michigan Avenue has gone outside to seek creative personnel. Within the last four months, Needham, Louis & Brorby, Fuller & Smith & Ross, and Campbell-Ewald have all imported creative talent. This emphasis on creativity was hammered home recently when three blue-chip accounts, the $12,000,000 Alka-Seltzer account, about $6,000,000 in Quaker Oats business, and Borg-Warner's corporate ad program, left Chicago for New York agencies, ostensibly for better creative work.

Madison Avenue is still considered the stronghold of the man in the gray flannel suit. New York, as the advertising center, stands at least a few heads and shoulders over its closest rival, Chicago, in terms of advertising billings. Latest information indicates New York outbills Chicago by three to one. But, even so, Michigan Avenue has harvested a goodly crop of advertising dollars from all parts of the country: somewhere in the annual range of $600 million to $700 million of billings.

Despite Manhattan's huge billings edge, rivalry has existed for years between New York and Chicago agencies, as well as their branch offices. This competition was never more dramatically spelled out than in Leo Burnett's talk in April 1961 before the Advertising Writers Club of New York. Said Burnett:

> Let me talk to you as if you are the provincial sophisticates your popular image says you are. You be the



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slickers who believe there's nothing west of the Hudson except something called New Jersey—and my gawd, you know what an advertising wasteland that is—and I'll be the country boy whose earnest common sense opens your eyes and warms your hearts. Let me make as if to bring you news of how we appleknockers do things out there at home among the hayricks and silos of Michigan Avenue.

In its twenty-eighth year of business, Burnett's agency has posted a remarkable record. In terms of billings, Burnett is one of the top seven agencies nationally—the only Chicago-based firm that large. And its client roster includes a number of big-name accounts from the East Coast—namely Campbell Soup, Philip Morris, and Nestle. No Chicago agency can match Burnett's billings volume (a forecast of $155 million for 1964), but a number of shops have respectable billings and growth records.

Growth and new business opportunities in the Midwest have attracted the attention of a number of outsiders, particularly agencies that do not have Chicago offices. During 1963, for example, two Detroit-based agencies, Campbell-Ewald Co. and MacManus, John & Adams, both entered the Chicago market by acquiring native agencies. So did Griswold-Eshleman, Cleveland agency. And a few weeks ago the Kudner Agency of New York announced plans to open a fully staffed office in Chicago. For a long time, too, McCann-Marschalk, a New York agency, has been actively trying to acquire a Chicago office. Gardner Advertising and Grey Advertising also have shown a similar interest.

ON THE whole, Chicago-based agencies such as Burnett, Needham, Clinton E. Frank, Edward H. Weiss & Co., and North Advertising have done outstanding jobs. There are some exceptions, of course. J. Walter Thompson's Chicago office is now billing close to $60,000,000 a year, but the agency had its roots long ago (the early 1900s) on Michigan Avenue. Foote, Cone & Belding, headed by Fairfax Cone, chairman of its executive committee, probably bills $55,000,000 a year out of Chicago. McCann-Erickson, D'Arcy, and Compton Advertising all have large offices in Chicago, too.

The success of JWT and FC&B has, for the most part, resulted from their autonomous operations. Norman H. Strouse, chairman of the 4A's and chief executive officer of J. Walter Thompson (a New York-based agency), explains his agency's success in the Chicago market this way: "You can't operate a 'branch' office in Chicago or New York, for that matter, and be successful. If you operate an office so that it stands on its own feet, you have a chance to win."

Voice on Third Avenue

By Edward Kessler

IF I had neighbors they would call me mad.
The superstructure years ago came down
And all the cars have rumbled into rust,
Clearing the sky. Freed taxicabs run wild.
I loiter in the boneyard of the El
Keeping its noisy schedule in my head.

My twin and I grew up in Williamsburg,
Sharing our suits, united in photographs
And Mother's unidentifying love.
Success was our inheritance and rare
Gifts we were not given we could buy.
Then one night after dinner at the Inn
I stared across those dark, pacific greens
And saw a face too much resembling mine,
A gentleman, distinguished by his years,
At perfect ease in anybody's world.
That night I slipped the family name; alone,
I staggered on an odyssey of bars
Until I found this avenue of thunder.

But now the hush of carpet wall-to-wall
Echoes through my neon lotus land;
Corners tell their secrets, new streetlights
Lacquer a life upon transplanted trees.
And decent people crowd the open air.

HIGHER EDUCATION IS EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

One of our national assets is our supply of highly educated people. From these ranks come America's leaders.

But higher education is *everybody's* business. The caliber of our leaders and the quality of our ideas govern our progress in science, industry, living standards and world affairs.

Today higher education is facing a crucial test. There are college shortages and, even now, some colleges are overcrowded. In ten years applicants will double.

It would be a sad outcome if America should fall behind because it had been negligent in developing ideas and leaders! College is America's best friend. So give to the college of your choice—help it to further America's future.

If you want to know what the college crisis means to you, write for a free booklet to: HIGHER EDUCATION, Box 36, Times Square Station, New York 36, N.Y.

Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council and the Council for Financial Aid to Education.

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PAPERBACKS: REVOLUTION OR EVOLUTION?

By JOHN TEBBEL

WHAT has been going on in paperback publishing for the past quarter-century has been called "the paperback revolution" so often that another durable cliché has been added to the language. Its easy use has obscured the fact that the events of these twenty-five years have not been an isolated phenomenon. They do not constitute a true revolution at all, but are rather the end result of a movement in publishing that began a century and a quarter ago.

"The paperback evolution" would be a more accurate phrase. In that evolutionary process, paperback publishing climbed down out of the trees twenty-five years ago this spring, in June 1939, allied itself with an advancing technology and a changing society, and today stands by itself as a species. After a good many false starts, the paperback appears to have established itself as an essential part of American culture. Its problems are many but its future is bright.

Statistics are the best measure of its success, and publishers are fond of quoting them because they are impressive and reassuring. A publisher may get no particular cheer out of the fact that there are now 277 publishers producing paperbacks—that figure represents one of his worst problems—but it is comforting to know there were 300,000,000 paperback books actually sold during 1963. That means almost a million copies over the counter every business day.

Less reassuring to a publisher is the fact that there are 24,000 titles in print. This profusion represents another of his serious problems. On the other hand, nearly 12 per cent of all sales went to schools, signifying the further invasion of a vast new market, one that increased 40 per cent from the previous year. To the public, it must often seem that paperbacks have taken over the publishing business, but the publishers know better. They know that the bulk of their industry, like the proverbial iceberg, is below the surface. Paperbacks account for little more than a tenth of dollar income, although that percentage, too, has been creeping upward. Last year it was a third higher than the year before.

It has not been a steady climb onward and upward since the present-day phase of the paperback evolution began twenty-five years ago. Publishers remember with reminiscent shudders the debacle of the early Thirties, when the first flush of the paperback boom wore off and book burning was the order of the day. They prefer to recall the recovery that culminated in the record sales of 1957, not exceeded even by those of 1963. There was another valley in between those years, though not a deep one. In the cyclic nature of publishing, there are certain to be other dips, of greater or less severity.

What is different about the present wave of paperback publishing, however, is its far broader scope and its establishment of the business on a much sounder basis than before. This wave broke with the past in two important respects. The books chosen for reprint were not at all the same kind, and their variety encompassed not only the mass market, which paperbacks had always been meant for, but the regular trade book audience and, even more importantly, the whole field of the educational market. Paperbacks today cover the entire range of human knowledge.

To understand where paperbacks may be going, it is helpful to know where they have been. A Leipzig printer named Karl Christoph Traugott Tauchnitz deserves credit for producing the first paperback books as we know them. The cheap reprints of classics he began to issue in 1809 were a boon to generations of European students, and a familiar sight to Americans in Europe as well, with their stiff, unimaginative black-and-white covers.

TAUCHNITZ anticipated the technology that would bring paperbacks to the mass market. When he launched his reprints, printing was only beginning to emerge from the household stage to take its place in the burgeoning industrial era. As an accomplished printer, Tauchnitz was well aware of the new developments; he was first to use stereotyping in Germany, in 1816. It was, however, the development soon after of the cylinder press, by Robert Hoe and others, that made high-speed, and therefore mass, printing possible.

Paperbacks, or at least the low-priced book, came to America in 1829 by way of the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, its publications based on Tauchnitz's idea. But the "great revolution in publishing," as it was called later, did not begin until 1839, when the bitter war between *Brother Jonathan* and *New World* turned the book world upside down. These books thinly disguised as newspapers were in reality not much more than a cheap device to pirate popular English novels, unprotected at that time (and until the end of the century) by an international copyright agreement.

These publications began as newspaper-size periodicals, to take advantage of the lower postal rates that papers enjoyed. Dickens, Marryat, and other popular English writers appeared in their pages, excerpted. Then the rival publishers began to add an additional section, sold with the regular paper for fifty cents more. Called variously "supplements" and "extras," these were entire novels, published serially—or whole, if they were short—and they were essentially paperback books in a different format. Their appearance set off a publishing war that lasted from 1842 to 1845, during which flashy paper covers on the "extras" made them appear even more like books. Both European and American writers were mined assiduously, but only Americans got royalties, except in a few cases.

Competition and discounting by regular publishers and newspapers soon produced such a glut in the bookstalls that *Brother Jonathan* issued what would long be a familiar cry: "All the markets are overstocked." The Post Office Department ended the revolution by ruling that the "extras" must go at book rates. Nevertheless a market for paperbacks had been established.

The second wave began during the Civil War with the dime novels of a Buffalo boy named Erastus F. Beadle, his brother Irwin, and a third partner, Robert Adams. The house of Beadle and Adams had produced 4,000,000 copies of cheap literature by 1865, and its success set off a series of dime lines that paved the way for the reprint explosion of the Seventies and Eighties.

Like the first wave, the third one, beginning in 1873, was spurred by new developments in printing, especially the development of high-speed rotary presses and a drop in paper prices. What began as a modest series of respectable dime novels, published by the New York *Tribune*, blossomed in 1875

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into the Lakeside Library series of Donnelly, Lloyd & Co., forerunner of the Donnelly printing empire in Chicago. Lakeside was a phenomenal success and a landmark in publishing. Other "libraries" appeared in profusion, and soon the established publishers were in the act. By 1887, there were twenty-six competing series, at prices ranging from a dime to a dollar. As before, the wave ended when the market was saturated. The final blow was the signing of an international copyright agreement in 1891, which ended the highly profitable business of piracy.

But again the mass market for paperbacks had been greatly widened, if not deepened. The cheap hard-cover reprints of Grosset & Dunlap and A. L. Burt effectively prevented another paperback wave, until the cold post-Depression dawn of the Thirties, when hard covers were once more a luxury and the public was ready for paperbacks again.

There were three new paperback operations in New York by the mid-Thirties: Modern Age Books, Hillman Novels, and Lawrence E. Spivak's mystery reprint series. Another advance in printing once more aided their sale. High-speed magazine presses had already profoundly influenced the periodical business; now they were used to print paperbacks. The new publishers turned to magazine and newspaper distributors for the machinery that enabled them to achieve low-cost display and high volume, both essential in keeping the price at a quarter.

At first there was no widespread belief in the book business that the golden days of the Seventies and Eighties were about to be reprised. The Depression years were ending and costs were mounting. It was hard to see how paperback reprints of best-sellers and classics could be published at a profit if the price had to stay at the level of twenty-five cents, then prevalent.

Four enterprising bookmen proved the skeptics wrong. They were Robert F. de Graff, M. Lincoln Schuster, Leon Shimkin, and Richard L. Simon. Banding together, and basing their enterprise largely on de Graff's ideas, they published in June 1939 a list of ten titles that became the cornerstone of the imposing publishing edifice known today as Pocket Books, Inc. Their experiment changed the face of book publishing and touched off what may well be the last great wave, as such, in paperbacks. That is the birthday the book business observes this spring.

The important elements in the success of Pocket Books, and consequently in the success of other publishers, was first of all the implication of its slogan, "The best books for the largest number of people at the lowest possible prices." The key words were "best" and "largest"—the combining of mass market with quality. De Graff and his partners also changed the economics of the business by setting up a new system of royalties, like those for hardbound reprints, and a lower set of discounts to wholesalers and retailers, approaching magazine discount levels.

Pocket Books' success was one of the most spectacular ever seen in publishing. In its first ten years, it sold more copies than all the best-sellers combined since 1880, including book club selections, and in the past twenty-five years it has published nearly 3,000 titles, making it the largest publisher numerically in the industry. Its total sales are a staggering one billion copies.

IN the paperback tidal wave that followed 1939, Pocket Books' format, price, and distribution methods were the standard for years until competition introduced other ways of doing business. That competition has made the line between reprint and original publishing indistinct. Moreover, it has so broadened the market that the price structure has moved gradually into competition with hard-cover lines. Some paperbacks today cost as much as $9.95.

Out of the competition five leaders have emerged: Pocket Books, New American Library, Bantam, Dell, and Fawcett. Sales figures for their authors have often reached astronomical figures, although no one seems likely to top Erle Stanley Gardner, a Pocket Books author, who has sold more than 110,000,000 copies.

These leaders, and all the others, are facing common problems today. One is how to keep the general level of prices low enough to reach the mass market. Another is how to maintain sales within a line at a profitable figure when the multiplicity of titles and publishers has resulted in a median sale for single titles of approximately 20,000 copies, a figure not likely to advance substantially. Still another problem, and at the moment the most serious, is the perennial one of distribution. No store can begin to display properly the number of titles available, and the competition for display space is not only fierce but fatal to many titles. Higher distribution costs mean higher prices, to which increasing production costs also contribute.

These are, essentially, the same problems that have long plagued the hard-cover publishers. Obviously, new distribution systems and outlets are a necessity, but before they are found, there may be some casualties among the publishers. However, the paperback industry has already solved many of its problems with an encouraging display of ingenuity. With the market for its products so firmly established for the first time and with every prospect that this market will expand tremendously in the next quarter-century, there is some reason to believe that paperbacks will lead the whole publishing industry out of the wilderness.

—*Herbert Goldberg*

"Twickenham, you've turned in such a good report that we're awarding you a tilting chair."

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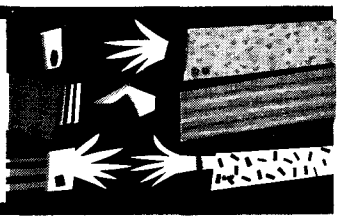
Public Relations



Trade Associations and How They Grew

NATIONAL associations of businessmen are an old American story. From the first of national importance, the New York Chamber of Commerce, established by Royal Charter in 1768, they have grown vastly. Today there are more than 2,000 such associations, and there seems no end to their proliferation.

The acceleration in the number of national associations can be gauged by the fact that since 1940 there has been a 48 per cent increase, while the population as a whole has increased by only 37 per cent. And with the growth of these associations a new kind of job has developed. Some 30,000 people are on the staffs of these 2,000 associations.

Trade associations have developed a special breed of employee who generally has a somewhat different approach from that of government employees and white-collar workers in corporations. And understandably so, since the trade association can move no more quickly than its slowest member. Trade associations, in fact, are seldom as efficient as the companies that support them. But there are some effective ones that do a useful job for their members.

In personnel, the associations range from one man who may be executive secretary of two or three associations to the vast staffs of the National Association of Manufacturers, founded in 1895, and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, organized in 1912, with its nearly 1,000 employees. One of the better trade associations in the medium-size class is the Manufacturing Chemists' Association, Inc., founded in 1872. Its purpose, as stated in its by-laws, is "the promotion of the interests of the chemical manufacturing industry of the United States of America and Canada." It has gone through many changes, from a philosophy of "It's none of the public's business" to its present concern with public approval.

MCA has a staff of twenty-four professionals and thirty clerical workers, and a president who is a permanent employee—a change from the old one-year, part-time presidents. Public relations as such came late, in 1953, with the appointment of the association's first public relations man. The public relations director reports to the president of the association and works with a public relations committee made up of leading public relations people of the chemical industry (which, incidentally, has increased sixfold since 1939 and is now the fourth manufacturing industry in the country in total assets and the fifth in total sales).

In addition to the public relations director, MCA has a manager of media relations. His job is press contact in Washington, writing press releases, clearing them with the staff specialists, working with members of the technical staff, and counseling on communications. He coordinates his work with the New York office so that the two offices are complementary rather than duplicating. The New York news service's job is to sell story ideas to all media and try to get newsmen to turn to MCA as an authoritative source on all subjects in connection with the chemical industry.

"Lord knows we've tried, mother. We just can't seem to communicate."

The newest function of MCA's public relations department is women's activities. A program is now being worked out for reaching women's groups such as the Federation of Women's Clubs. In charge of this program is a new member of the staff who is the former director of the Nutrition Education Division of the Nebraska Wheat Commission. Her job is to develop programs that will create a better understanding of the chemical industry's contribution.

A useful operating rule of MCA is that all public statements must be seen and approved before release by the government relations director, the public relations director, and the technical director. The system has many values, including frequent consultations on policy and procedures on news releases, letters to government agencies, printed publications, speeches, and so on.

In the case of the Manufacturing Chemists' Association, the public relations committee of industry public relations directors is active. To the public relations staff of MCA are then added the talent and experience of the top practitioners of the leading companies in chemical manufacturing. Du Pont is active. So are Monsanto, Union Carbide, American Cyanamid, U.S. Industries Chemical, Olin Mathieson Chemical, General Electric's Chemical and Metallurgical Division, Goodrich-Gulf Chemical, Wyandotte Chemicals, Shell Chemical, Dow Chemical, Atlas Chemical Industries, Chas. Pfizer & Co., and Merck & Co.

A monthly newsletter, started in the fall of 1961, goes to all members as a continuing information and discussion piece to keep the public relations people up to date on what is happening in their field.

According to MCA's annual report for 1963, public relations activities included answers to Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*; development of new industry public relations programs, including one on environmental health; preparation and distribution of instructional booklets and aids, such as a manual entitled *Keys to Local Publicity;* and assistance to plant editors.

Trade associations often seem to be spinning their wheels. But when they are properly run they can and do make a real contribution to those firms that contribute to their upkeep and development as a tool of the industry.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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Mid-Month Recordings

Continued from page 49

"young folk." Two of Bob Dylan's finest compositions, "Boots of Spanish Leather" and "Masters of War," are presented, as well as Jesse Fuller's "San Francisco Bay Blues," the raucous "Sal Got a Meatskin," and the Ewan MacColl classic "The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face." In all, some thirty of the best folk songs sung today are included.

Folk Music Yearbook of Artists, Jandel Productions, $2, 128 pages. With folk music currently at its zenith of popularity, a yearbook of this type is a sorely needed item. Unfortunately this production, a haphazard affair at best, does not fill the need. Broken down into sections dedicated to traditional, popular, bluegrass, blues, gospel, etc., it is no more than a picturebook containing glaring omissions, poor taste, and a virtually valueless text. In fact very few, if any, of the words written are of any significance. How a yearbook purportedly devoted to the folk music of this country can omit Big Bill Broonzy, John Estes, Elizabeth Cotton, John Lee Hooker, Lonnie Johnson, Lightnin' Hopkins, Mance Lipscomb, the Lilly Brothers, the Staple Singers, and countless others of the same stature, while allotting space to such "well-known stalwarts" as Chuck and Nan, Jane Chatfield, the Outsiders, Charlotte Daniels, and Charles Lee Guy III, completely escapes this writer. (The explanation of "space limitation" is a flimsy excuse for such a course of action.)

The Book of the Blues, Crown, $7.50, 301 pages. One hundred blues, quite probably the largest single volume devoted to this subject, make up this handsome book. Edited by Miss Kay Shirley of Leeds Music, annotated by Frank Driggs (Columbia Records' reissue producer) in the most thoroughgoing fashion, and with preface and introduction by John Hammond and Orin Keepnews respectively, it includes songs written by some of the best of the blues composers. Each song offers the sheet music, a short narrative about it, a selected discography, and guitar and tenor banjo diagrams of the chords used in the song. There are a number of veritable gems: Big Joe Williams's "Baby, Please Don't Go," Arthur Crudup's "Mean Old Frisco," Curtis Jones's "Highway 51 Blues," and Speckled Red's "Dirty Dozens," to cite but four, and the over-all taste in selections is unquestionably excellent.

The Poetry of the Blues, Oak Publications, $1.95, 111 pages. This is Sam Charters's second book completely devoted to the blues and the role that they play in the life of the Negro. The premise of this effort is that blues are a particularly accurate reflection of their myriad experiences. For his format he uses blues verses as examples of the various facets of Negro life, an altogether successful device that he employs with insight and perception. There are several fine photographs of bluesmen included, and the priceless picture of Sleepy John Estes using a pencil and rubber band as a capo for his guitar is, of itself, worth the cost of the book. There are also numerous definitions of the blues included, the result of personal interviews with the artists concerned by the author. One definite shortcoming does exist in the work. It would have been helpful to have included a discography citing the sources and availability of recorded examples coincidental with the text. Despite this, it is a well executed and well conceived piece of writing.

Ewan MacColl-Peggy Seeger Songbook, Oak Publications, $1.95, 95 pages. MacColl, considered by many to be Britain's greatest living folksinger, and his wife Peggy, of the famous Seeger family, contribute numerous individual efforts and occasional joint ones to this engrossing collation of their songs. More than fifty originals, all significant and topical, are furnished, and there are a worthy index, discography, glossary of terms, and a fine group of illustrations placed within the covers of this valuable paperback. —Lawrence Cohn.

Shostakovich in Florence

Florence, Italy.

AT THE Teatro della Pergola on May 23, Dmitri Shostakovich's *The Nose* was offered as the third opera of the twenty-seventh Florentine Musical May (coming after Busoni's *Doktor Faust* and Berg's *Wozzeck*). Unforced triumphs were accorded to Eduardo de Filippo, the producer; the Gogol of 1835; and the Shostakovich of the late 1920s. The libretto, in which four men including the composer had a hand (translated ably into Italian by Fedele d'Amico), preserves well the fantastic humor of Gogol and a modicum of his satire on bourgeoisie and bureaucracy. The production hews faithfully to the satire, expanding it chiefly in a very animated scene at a stagecoach stop in the suburbs of St. Petersburg—the scene in which Kavaliov's severed nose, masquerading as a cabinet official, is shot dead and thus metamorphosed back into a nose.

The imaginative, lavish, numerous sets and costumes by Mino Maccari, in bright colors and abundant unrealism, were expertly deployed by de Filippo to underline the music's presentation of the absurd posturings of Gogol's characters. Bruno Bartoletti conducted with unflagging vigor and won a round of applause after the first orchestral interlude, which Shostakovich scored entirely for percussion, some of it almost melodic.

Descended in part from Mussorgsky's *The Fair at Sorochinsk*, the choral sequences in many Russian operas, and Stravinsky's *Mavra*—and resembling the last in both heady inconsequentiality and exploitation of high, crying vocal timbres—*The Nose* amounts to a sustained *jeu d'esprit* by the Shostakovich best known for his First Symphony (the scoring even includes piano); the First Piano Concerto, with trumpet; and *The Age of Gold*.

The cast, which responded with almost balletic precision to de Filippo's steadily inventive direction, was ably led by Renato Capecchi, who presented a foolish, sad, and apparently boneless Kavaliov. The veteran Italo Tajo gave a truly tragicomic impersonation of Yakovlevich, the barber with the evil-smelling hands and overquick razor. In the role of a police marshal, the bulky Tommaso Frascati evoked laughter with his first, high, almost countertenor tones. Franco Calabrese produced a cutting, funny Gogol bureaucrat, the man in charge of accepting newspaper advertising who refuses—for a multiplicity of vapid reasons—to accept one from Kavaliov in search of his nose. The female members of the cast are of smaller importance. Jolanda Meneguzzer coped artfully with the soaring tessitura of Alexandra Padtochina's daughter.

A near-capacity audience gave unstinted applause to this first Italian performance of *The Nose* more than thirty-four years after it was heard first at the Leningrad Little Opera on January 12, 1930. That was in the high noon of Lunacharsky, Meyerhold, Mayakovsky, Eisenstein, and Soviet artistic experiment before the Stalinist blight fell—and so the opera has been silent in every language, including the Russian, for more than three decades. Now well restored to the international repertory, it should enjoy the genuine life of widespread performance. Contrasted, for example, with Menotti's *The Last Savage*, *The Nose* seems a minor masterpiece. It has the virtues of intellectual point, genuinely comic action, and apt music, with a style of its own that is not an anthology of quotations.

—Herbert Weinstock.

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Memoir of a Mission

Continued from page 21

June 26, *Pravda* admitted that 25,000,000 Russians were starving. On July 23 Maxim Gorky, the world-famous writer, made an appeal: "I ask all honest European and American people for prompt aid to the Russian people. Give bread and medicine."

That very day Mr. Hoover, chairman of the ARA, cabled Gorky that his organization would give "food, clothing and medical supplies to a million children in Russia. . . ." There would be no strings attached to the aid. Any hungry child would be eligible, regardless of its race or religion or the politics of its parents. The only test would be need.

Mr. Hoover's advance party, making a quick survey of the famine districts, reported the horrors of a catastrophe that was already depopulating huge areas. The dead and the dying were everywhere. Vast numbers of people faced slow, agonizing death from starvation; all of Russia was threatened by epidemics of typhus, cholera, typhoid, dysentery, and other plagues; hospital conditions were unspeakable. America would have to act on a grand scale—at once.

In the beginning of our operations, at least, Soviet officials with whom we came in contact showed their suspicions of our intentions. Dr. H. Carey Walker, for instance, in charge of our work in Petrograd, met a hostile reception from Grigori Zinoviev, chief of the local Soviet administration. "You have food," he shouted at Dr. Walker. "And food is a weapon." Dr. Walker quietly answered: "In our hands, Mr. Zinoviev, food is a weapon only against hunger."

What we had originally planned as a child-saving program soon escalated to a major economic and medical operation. The United States Congress made a multimillion-dollar appropriation to buy corn for Russian adults; private individuals and groups gave millions for the children; the War Department and the American Red Cross turned over to the ARA enormous amounts of medical supplies, soap, blankets, clothing, and hospital equipment.

Our original goal was to feed 1,000,000 children in our kitchens every day. This was stepped up to over 4,000,000. With the arrival of the corn provided by Congress, we were soon issuing a daily ration to nearly 6,500,000 adults. Just as important as our food contribution was the ARA campaign to stamp out the epidemics. Millions of Russians were inoculated against typhoid and cholera and vaccinated against smallpox. We equipped hundreds of hospitals and dispensaries.

On my first day in the Volga city of Melekes, I was visited by the chief of police. He offered to have several gold crowns pulled off his teeth and traded to me for their weight in quinine. His little boy, he explained, was dying of "Asiatic malaria." Happily, I was able to give him some quinine and assure him that two freight cars of medicines were on their way to Melekes.

In accordance with Mr. Hoover's instructions, every beneficiary of our aid could receive it only in his home community. This ruling was made in order to prevent a migration from the farms of the normally productive Volga valley into the towns and cities of central and western Russia. Its wisdom was soon demonstrated. The panic stopped and peasants went back to their villages. When good rains came in the spring of 1923, the Volga region returned to its traditional fertility and the peasants were on hand to plow and sow their land. The ARA, acting on behalf of the Soviet government, bought seed grain. It was distributed to the peasants. The famine was over.

Our American mission was small, never exceeding, I believe, 200 men.

We had, however, about 77,000 Russians working for us, helping man operations all the way from the unloading of ships at the ports to jobs in our kitchens in the famine zones. It would have been utterly impossible for us to put our program over without excellent cooperation from these Russians.

When our work was completed, the Soviet authorities estimated that American food and medicines had saved at least 20,000,000 lives. As we prepared to leave, we received thousands of touching reminders of Russian appreciation. Resolutions of gratitude came in by the hundreds from town meetings; schools and childrens' homes sent letters of thankfulness; wrappers from food parcels came to us bearing childish scrawls and the cramped writing of old people—all thanking us for the help from America. One message received by me read: "These Americans must have been sent by God, because otherwise they would not have been able to find such small villages in such a vast and far-away country."

Nowadays, many Americans returning from the Soviet Union speak of the friendly attitude manifested toward them by the Russian public. Just possibly the seeds of friendship planted during the famine of 1921-22 are bearing fruit. Ruling cliques come and go, but the people of a nation live on. Both Russians and Americans need to cultivate and encourage the basic friendliness that has been clearly demonstrated. This may well represent for both the great challenge and opportunity of our century.

Africa

Continued from page 34

to realize that here was no Blimpish "Ingrese," and presently the whites and Somalis on the project were joined, almost as a family, by ties of mutual trust and affection. Mrs. Laurence had to overcome greater obstacles in a country where the female sex has never enjoyed a status very much above that of chattel. Yet she too won the complete friendship of Somali men and women, many of whom helped teach her their awesomely complex language—to the point where she was ultimately able to translate and publish some of the greatest Somali poems and legends in a small volume called *A Tree for Poverty.*

Mrs. Laurence doesn't try to paint a deceptively rosy picture. She voices frustration and sorrow over the many gaps in communication that neither Somali nor European seemed able to bridge, although she places the onus of the blame on the whites (including herself) for "looking at things not as they were but as we wanted them to be." Like Miss Hahn, she too recognizes that the difficulties confronting Europeans in Africa today should not—indeed, cannot—be reduced to a cackle of clichés; yet she is far less charitable, and delivers a positively withering indictment of the "sahib" (the word could also be "bwana" or "effendi" or "baas" or "tuan") when commenting on the mentality of the many preposterous specimens who infested the old British Empire, and did their unwitting best to poison its image in the eyes of the world.

But the white man is not Mrs. Laurence's burden; she has endeavored to portray the splendid stature of a marvelously virile African people, and in so doing has produced a small masterwork of perception, humor, and love. This reviewer's personal acquaintance of Somali countries is meager, but sufficient to have engendered a powerful desire to go back. Everything in Mrs. Laurence's book has strengthened the force of that wish.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. White Mountains. 2. William Allen White. 3. *The Woman in White.* 4. White Sox. 5. White flag. 6. Whited sepulchres. 7. White elephant. 8. Whitehall. 9. Whitewashed. 10. White Sunday (Whitsunday). 11. White Plains, New York. 12. *The White Cliffs* (of Dover). 13. Paul Whiteman. 14. The White House. 15. White Rose. 16. The Great White Way. 17. The whites of their eyes. 18. White slaver. 19. White Russia. 20. The White Man's Burden.

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SR's Checklist

Continued from page 36

Music

TRUMPETS, HORNS AND MUSIC. By J. Murray Barbour. Michigan State Univ. Press. $7.50.

PIPE ORGAN REGISTRATION. By Jack C. Goode. Abingdon. $5.50.

Personal History

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF LENIN. By Robert Payne. Simon & Schuster. $8.50.

THE LIFE OF LENIN. By Louis Fischer. Harper & Row. $10.

THE RITZ OF PARIS: The Biography of a Hotel. By Stephen Watts. Norton. $4.95.

Religion, Philosophy

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND NAZI GERMANY. By Guenter Lewy. McGraw-Hill. $7.50.

FROM HEGEL TO NIETZSCHE: The Revolution in Nineteenth-Century Thought. By Karl Lowith. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $8.50.

INDEPENDENCE AND INVOLVEMENT: A Christian Reorientation in Political Science. By René de Visme Williamson. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $7.50.

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THE CHALLENGE OF MEGALOPOLIS. By Wolf von Eckardt, based on the original study by Jean Gottmann. A Twentieth Century Fund Report. Macmillan. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

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—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1088 will be found in the next issue.

HBKP CLFSM QT WLCBDMO GX

NRTP RBM WLFDBET TKLFER.

XFSSTD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1087

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves. —POPE.

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(Continued on page 68)

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(Continued from page 67)

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For Summer Rental

SIASCONSET, NANTUCKET—Charming, spacious rose-covered cottage: 5 rooms, 2 baths, washer, fireplace, lovely garden, patio, moor view, garage. Includes guest cottage: 2 bedrooms, kitchenette, bath. Seclusion, but only 5 minute walk to stores, beach, tennis, golf. June 15th-August 7th, $1,350, plus gardener and utilities. Also available May and September. References. UNiversity 5-8853 NYC or Box G-312.

RENT SUMMER COTTAGES in scenic mountains, unusual swimming pool, 2 hours N.Y., congenial group. Call collect Ellenville 932, or write Hansburg, Walker Valley, N.Y.

WESTON, VERMONT. New home, spacious living room with deck, 5 bedrooms, playroom, 2 baths. Stream and Green Mountain views. Available August, etc. Box H-373.

ATTRACTIVE, QUIET SUMMER COTTAGE on owner's small estate. 3 bedrooms. 2 minutes from Penobscot Bay, few minutes to village. Adults. Mrs. Chamberlain, Marine Avenue, Camden, Maine.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. 2 room housekeeping cabin on large wooded lot. No electricity. Few minutes drive to sea. $90 week. Box H-687.

SOUTHERN VERMONT. Comfortable home, accessibly secluded. Electricity. Private swimming. 4 bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, bathroom. August $500. Mrs. Helen Durant, Jamaica, Vermont.

WASHINGTON, TOWN HOUSE. Harpsichord. 2 blocks Congressional Library. $350 month. Box H-639.

GRANDVIEW ON HUDSON — Writer's home, 18 miles NYC, romantic 10 room Victorian on secluded acre. Porch and patio overlooking river, fine boating. Bus at gate. July 1st-Labor Day. $1,200. 914-EL 9-2034.

TANGLEWOOD, near lake. 4 bedroom furnished house. 50 acres. August. Dr. Roland, 212-YU 2-2410.

NEW HOUSE, heart of Green Mountain National Forest. 5 bedrooms, 4 baths, 3 fireplaces. By month or season between July 10th and October 1st. Located Route 11, Peru-Londonderry, Vermont. P.O. Box 16, Londonderry, Vermont, phone 802-824-5918.

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE—Furnished Colonial. 5 bedrooms, 3½ baths. Separate maid's quarters. To July 27th. $150 per week. 207-967-4623.

CAPE COD, NORTH TRURO—5 rooms, including 2 bedrooms, spacious deck. Ocean, bay views. Golf, swimming. $150 week, $270 fortnight, in season. Box H-658.

ARCHITECT'S HOUSE for rent, York Harbor, Maine, from July 15th through September. Suitable for couple and 1 or 2 children. Walking distance of beach, 65 miles from Boston. Sullivan, 6 Brentwood Road, Exeter, N.H.

EASTHAMPTON. Bayfront 1 room studio cottage—easy housekeeping. View. Beach. Historic. Ideal couple. 516-EA 4-4291J or 1806J.

ATOP MOUNTAIN MEADOW, housekeeping cabin for one, $20 week. Elsie Cambridge, South Woodstock, Vermont.

EAST ORLAND, MAINE, Route 1, Lake Alamoosook, near Bucksport. Small housekeeping cottages. References exchanged. $55 weekly. H. Woodworth, East Orland, Maine, and 16 Forest Street, Montclair, N.J.

HIDEAWAY; Mahopac-Carmel area. All conveniences; private swimming. 5 rooms, screened porches, garage. June 26th through Labor Day. Reasonable. TUlip 1-6525 NYC.

SAN FRANCISCO, Russian Hill. 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, living-dining room, furnished completely. Double garage. Republican convention, longer, $500 weekly. Maid available. Station wagon. 52 White Street.

MAINE—*Penobscot Bay area. Modern housekeeping cottages located on beautiful island of Islesboro.* 2 to 4 bedrooms. $58 to $78 weekly. Brochure on request. Lloyd Pendleton, Islesboro, Maine.

HOUSE AND FOUR COTTAGES on Cranberry Lake, N.Y., state forest land on three sides. Boats, motors, dock, beach. Entire set-up $1,000 from June 27th. Box H-625.

(Continued on page 70)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 69)

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

NEEDED: House in Los Angeles area for family of six. For 2-3 weeks from July 15th to August 30th. In exchange for our 4 bedroom ranch 20 minutes from World's Fair. Write J. N. Curl, 43 Knollwood Road, Roslyn, N.Y.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

WORLD'S FAIR RENTALS. Furnished apartments by the week. Pennington Agency, 192-12 Northern Boulevard, Flushing, N.Y.

For Summer Rental

NYC. SPACIOUS 4½. Lexington Avenue. Air-conditioned. August. $300. Box H-675.

RENT: Large seashore apartment. Quiet, cool, inexpensive. Rensch, Cape May Point, N.J.

MANHATTAN. West 80s. 6 rooms, furnished, washer, dryer. July 1st-Labor Day $500; August only $250. Box H-642.

$100 UP—Singles, bedroom apartments. Westwood, near UCLA. Child O.K. No lease. 505 Gayley, Los Angeles, California.

QUEENS, N.Y. 15 minutes World's Fair, Times Square. 2 bedrooms, garden. July-August. $175 monthly. Box H-668.

OVERLOOKING MANHATTAN. 5 rooms, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, dishwasher. Answering service, part-time maid. Large terrace, high floor. July-August, $575. References. Box H-684.

MANHATTAN, June-September. Air-conditioned. $160 monthly. Suitable two. GRamercy 3-2097.

GREENWICH VILLAGE DUPLEX—Sublet July. 7 rooms plus terrace, 2 baths, air-conditioner. Reasonable. Box H-645.

MANHATTAN—Designer's elegant 6½ room, air-conditioned apartment on Hudson near Lincoln Center, Columbia. 3 bedrooms, baths. Piano, Hi-Fi, washer, dishwasher, garage. 30 minutes fairgrounds. July, August. $300 month. Box H-661.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT. A few well-chosen locations bordering small highland lake. Magnificent views. Ideal for four seasons or year-round homes. J. H. Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA—Bras d'Or. Tourist cottages, farm, home. Lakes, beautiful scenery. Good condition. Reasonable. $22,000. Box H-382.

ARTIST-DESIGNER selling unique nationally known retail-wholesale business located in renowned small cultural New England city. NYC office. Owner retiring. Principals only. Box H-671.

FOR SALE: Bookshop, East Texas city. Low upkeep. Box H-676.

CAMPS

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey.

A CAMP OF NOTE: All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville 3, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

SUMMERLANE. A school and camp based on the concept of freedom through self-regulation. Fernwood Road, Mileses, New York.

TEENAGERS (12-15) INTERESTED in unique summer in New York City? Coed program emphasizes creative arts, cultural and intellectual interests, pioneering, 5 day overnights, trips, self-government. Camp Tzena of the 92nd Street Y.M.-Y.W.H.A. ATwater 9-2400.

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THE MANOR HOTEL—Asheville, N.C. Ideal for year round living. Perfect for a vacation.

PAMPER YOUR RETIREMENT YEARS at remarkably modest cost in Westchester's new residential apartment hotel, just completed, within one of the nation's most beautiful retirement communities, in a 42 acre park overlooking the Hudson River, just an hour from New York City. This modern, fully fireproof, soundproof, air-conditioned hotel offers single, double, or larger suites from $55 per week per person including daily luncheon, dinner and maid service. Beautiful dining room, cocktail lounge, indoor swimming pool, solarium. Stores on premises. One year lease—no cash payment. Immediate occupancy. Visit THE SPRINGVALE INN on Route 9, Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y., or call 914-PE 7-6954.

VACATIONS

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . congenial White Mountain resort. Swimming pool, golf, tennis. Picturesque inn, charming Colonial cottages, modern motel units. Excellent meals. New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

SNOWMASS LODGE, ASPEN, COLORADO. Relaxed ranch living in the incomparable beauty of the Colorado Rockies. Write Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

SEASHORE: Choice oceanside cottages or apartments. Season, half season, month, two weeks. Priestley, Real Estate, 3908 Long Beach Boulevard, Brant Beach, N.J.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

IF IT'S A TRULY LOVELY LAKE you like, enchanting woods, sports, good food, fine music, cottages or cabins, then try our mountaintop "haven." Tennis, shuffleboard, barbecues, library, loafing patio, chip-in cocktail parties. Tanglewood, Dance and Jazz Festivals nearby. Rustic, unpretentious, relaxing. Brochure T. CHANTERWOOD, Box 71, Lee, Massachusetts.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guest house where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

BACK LOG CAMP, on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's noises and "advantages." July 3rd to September 8th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

CRESTMONT INN, 96 Lake Drive, Eagles Mere, Pennsylvania. Complete family resort. New, heated SYLVAN pool, large natural lake. Programs for tots and teens. Par 3, 18 hole golf. Modern rooms, cottages. Fine meals. Moderate rates. June 19th-September 21st. Folder.

THE ARTS COME TO LIFE summers on the Goddard campus. Low-pressure life, professional staff to work with and learn from, Green Mountain scenery, weekly concerts. For amateur musicians, painters, craftsmen. Stay one week or more from July 1st to August 26th. ARS Recorder Seminar from July 19th to August 1st. Write Music and Art Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine. American-Jewish cuisine. Cottages, private bath. Golf, tennis, beach, water skiing. Couples, families $90+ weekly. Open to October 15th. Long Island phone TN 8-4057.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

VACATIONS

ASOLO THEATER COMEDY FESTIVAL — 5th Season! Lady's Not for Burning. Twelfth Night, School for Scandal, Imaginary Invalid—in Ringling Museum's 18th century Italian theater. July 9th through August 29th. See all on one weekend. Write for package-plan brochure, folder on Sarasota County—Florida's Distinctive Resort Area. Wonderful beaches. Cool Gulf breezes. Chamber of Commerce, Box 308E, Sarasota, Florida.

PINKHAM NOTCH INN—A secluded Alpine Inn of rare charm at the foot of Mt. Washington in the White Mountain National Forest. Enjoy your leisure, superb mountain climbing, swimming and outdoor sports in an idyllic setting. $10-$16 American Plan. R. P. Whipple, Mgr., Jackson 3, New Hampshire.

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Comfortable country living.

SERENE, SECLUDED, HILLTOP-HIGH, one of Vermont's finest inns: stately spruce, rolling meadows, distant views from a breezy terrace; ideal for sitting and sunning, reading and writing. Marlboro Music, golf, tennis, swimming and riding nearby. Spacious lounges and rooms; imaginative cuisine; friendly, informal atmosphere. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. Jack and Marylou Taylor.

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT"—Unspoiled mountain country 2¼ hours from NYC. Private lake. Boating, fishing. Trout stream. Pool. Entertainment, dancing. Jewish Cuisine. Cooks Falls Lodge, Cooks Falls, N.Y. CHelsea 4-0467.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios; 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

ISLAND VACATION: Old world charm and new world luxury at a gracious, new oceanfront hostelry on a subtropical isle. From coastal Carolina gourmet cuisine to golf on the country's finest courses. 400 years of history to explore. Riding, fishing, tennis, all resort activities. Write Box S or call 803-785-3372. The Adventure Inn, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina.

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

RED INN, Provincetown, Massachusetts. Quiet rooms and breakfasts on the sea.

FAMILY VACATIONS! Aloha Manor, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont. Informal resort (bungalows: fireplace, bath). Also "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Water Sports. Pony. Crafts. Tennis. Trips. Golf and Dartmouth Summer Theater near. Excellent food or housekeeping units. Booklet. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 802-333-4478.

EXCEPTIONAL FOOD. LODGING. Halfway between Tanglewood and Jacob's Pillow. Bossidy House, Route 20, Lee, Massachusetts.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Box 569, Ely, Minnesota.

VACATION BY THE SEA. Scenic location overlooking ocean. Private beach, excellent meals. Modified American and European plans. All summer sports. Near shops, art colony, summer theatre. AAA. Folder. The Ontio, Ogunquit 7, Maine.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, scenic inn. Salt water pool. With or without meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA, Mobil Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport 3, Massachusetts.

NATURE LOVERS, CREATIVE PEOPLE. Find peace, quiet, beautiful hill country, charming old-world home. No TV, individualized cooking. Near lovely, historic Cooperstown. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y. 1-607-397-6218.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $9.60 each, double occupancy, A. P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

18TH CENTURY FARMHOUSE—Charming, quiet, superb meals. Southern Vermont cultural and sporting attractions. $75 week. Box H-329.

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IN THESE SURROUNDINGS man has the opportunity for reflection and spiritual enrichment. Aware only of the gentle stimuli of forest and sea, he may, if he so chooses, spend hours without sight or sound of another human being. He can relax as never before, slough off the mental armor that mainland life demands, recapture a oneness, a wholeness of self. The Island Inn, Box J, Monhegan Island, Maine. Mainland parking, garaging for all cars.

THE FLYING CLOUD—revitalizing. Why not you? Year round, high in the Berkshires, at New Marlboro, Massachusetts.

MORNING GLORY LODGE on Cranberry Lake, N.Y. An ecstatic, consciousness-expanding, transcendental setting. Artists, writers, psychologists, visionaries. Box H-625.

SNOW MOUNTAIN INN. West Dover, Vermont. A completely unique hilltop resort hotel with spectacular views, pool and tennis courts. Excellent cuisine, Deerskin Lounge. European rate $8 up; M.A.P. $13 up.

POOL. So large is our year round saltwater swimming pool, some people insist the Atlantic overlooks IT. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N.J. Within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

FISHING, HUNTING or vacation in Newfoundland? Write Highlands Lodge, Highlands, Newfoundland, Canada.

ADVENTURE! WILDERNESS EXPEDITIONS. Superior equipment. Novices or veterans. Box H-679.

VERMONT, LONDONDERRY, Route 11. Heart of Green Mountain National Forest. Flood Brook House—cool, 1,600 ft.—near theaters, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $10 up a day Modified American Plan. Families welcome. Also housekeeping apartment, attached to inn. Living room, fireplace, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath, private entrance. Available day, week, month. Meals if desired. Phone 802-824-5918.

THE KINGS' LODGE—Cottage colony. Ideal lakeside setting, lovely beach. Spacious accommodations, excellent cuisine. 4 tennis courts, sailing, water skiing, fishing. Five minutes to golf, riding. Supervised children's program. Write or phone for rates. Charles King, Poland Spring, Maine. 207-998-4346.

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MRS. COBB'S FAMOUS COOKING . . . auctions, animals, boats. Rooms, log cabins. Cobb's Vacation Farm, East Sumner, Maine.

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GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine. Open through October.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE. Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Elevation 2,900'. Small, secluded, informal — entirely modern. No cottages. Mid-May-November. American Plan $10.00-$12.50 per person double. Folder. Telephone 704-479-3433.

CHASE'S—on Torsey Lake, Readfield, Maine. Relaxation without dullness. Good food. Comfortable cottages scattered along shore. Recreational lodge, lake and shore activities.

VACATIONS

MOUNTAIN VACATION, Hendersonville, N.C. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages, sand beach, boating, riding, playgrounds, golf, summer theatre. Literate, informal, friendly. Lower fall rates.

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UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to *paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats.* Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha 5, Massachusetts.

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EXCITING!!! EUROPE—$195. That's all it costs for unusual delightful summer program at Universities of Madrid, Florence, Venice, Salzburg or Ecole Pratique in Paris. Full month July or August includes room, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dance, etc. sightseeing. many other features. All this for $195!! Low cost extensions to all of Europe. *EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION,* 590 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

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CRUISE COOL NEW ENGLAND with us aboard beautiful Cape Cod Schooner Olad II. Two to six guests. Excellent meals. From Essex, Connecticut. Brochure. Captain Arthur Kimberly, Box 22297, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1575

Reg U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Impressively powerful.	78 194 148 137 60 144
B. Munificent.	104 199 126 160 17 213 103 82 192 33
C. Outside the main stream of current fashion; unconventional.	28 145 152 214 115 34 4
D. Resembling a floating collection of logs, etc.	183 201 84 150 1 154 158 98
E. Exacerbate.	100 29 7 140 96 3 130 202
F. See WORD J (3 wds.)	75 23 178 141 151 118 30 63 95 88 168
G. "This blessed plot, this earth, this realm."	112 35 174 155 70 193 175
H. Device for reducing a liquid to fine particles, and spraying them broadcast.	72 19 176 139 51 114 25 167
I. In a manner of resistance to aggression.	142 206 85 181 122 91 65 191 14 45 77
J. Followed by WORD F, lovely blossoms which put out "on the bough," early in Omar's New Year (2 wds.).	43 125 135 177 210 121 187 200
K. Hereafter continuously.	48 113 80 105 44 119 62 131 209 180
L. Fungous disease first discovered in The Netherlands (2 wds.).	211 9 52 215 146 163 123 57 47

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Full extent of our Milky Way (2 wds.).	161 15 46 156 27 12 216 182 40 55 111
N. Symbolic object which, once buried, may not be peaceably dug up.	108 61 53 188 41 22 157 149 185 50
O. Total desertion.	79 110 143 94 36 170 38 21 86 204 69
P. Said of internal combustion engines whose elements are in single lines (2 wds.).	26 129 87 203 147 196 20 136 6 92 67
Q. Presumably the resting places of "Juliet and her Romeo" (2 wds.).	165 179 218 124 54 107 74 116 81 198 217 164
R. *Piece de resistance* of Canada's Banff National Park (2 wds.).	134 197 186 166 153 207 117 83 99 138
S. Partner in marriage.	8 58 24 190 208 189 5 13 37 127
T. Permanent point of reference from which measurements of any sort may be made (2 wds.).	76 102 66 205 132 171 31 16 109
U. Fastest-moving thing in our universe (2 wds.).	106 172 93 97 56 71 68 101 49
V. Proclaim, make known.	128 89 195 133 59 42 169 39
W. Slang for attractively, stylishly.	173 2 162 73 10 120 18
X. Figure of The Terror, typified by Dickens's Mme. Defarge.	64 32 159 90 11 184 212

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 D	2 W	3 E	4 C	5 S	6 P		7 E	8 S		9 L	10 W	11 X	12 M	13 S
14 I		15 M		16 T	17 B	18 W	19 H	20 P	21 O		22 N	23 F	24 S	25 H	26 P		27 M
28 C	29 E	30 F	31 T	32 X	33 B		34 C	35 G	36 O		37 S	38 O	39 V		40 M	41 N	42 V
	43 J	44 K	45 I	46 M		47 L	48 K	49 U		50 N	51 H	52 L	53 M		54 Q	55 M	56 U
57 L	58 S	59 V	60 A		61 M	62 K	63 F	64 X	65 I	66 T	67 P		68 U	69 O		70 G	
71 U	72 H	73 W	74 Q	75 F		76 T	77 I		78 A	79 O	80 K	81 Q		82 B	83 R	84 D	85 I
86 O	87 P	88 F	89 V	90 X		91 I	92 P	93 U	94 O	95 F		96 E	97 U	98 D		99 R	100 E
101 U	102 T	103 B		104 B	105 K	106 U	107 Q	108 M	109 T		110 O	111 M	112 G	113 K	114 H	115 C	
116 Q	117 R	118 F	119 K	120 W	121 J	122 I	123 L		124 Q	125 J	126 B		127 S	128 V	129 P	130 E	131 K
	132 T	133 V	134 R	135 J		136 P	137 A	138 R		139 H	140 E	141 F	142 I	143 O	144 A		145 C
146 L	147 P	148 A	149 N	150 D		151 F	152 C		153 R	154 D	155 G	156 M	157 N		158 D	159 X	160 B
161 M	162 W	163 L	164 Q	165 P	166 R	167 H	168 F		169 V	170 O	171 T	172 U	173 W	174 G		175 G	176 H
177 J	178 F		179 P	180 K	181 I		182 M	183 D	184 X	185 N	186 R		187 J	188 N	189 S		190 S
191 I	192 B	193 G	194 A	195 V	196 P		197 R	198 Q	199 B	200 J	201 D	202 E	203 P	204 O	205 T	206 I	
207 R	208 S		209 K	210 J	211 L		212 X	213 B	214 C	215 L	216 M	217 Q	218 P				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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The franc is local currency in France.

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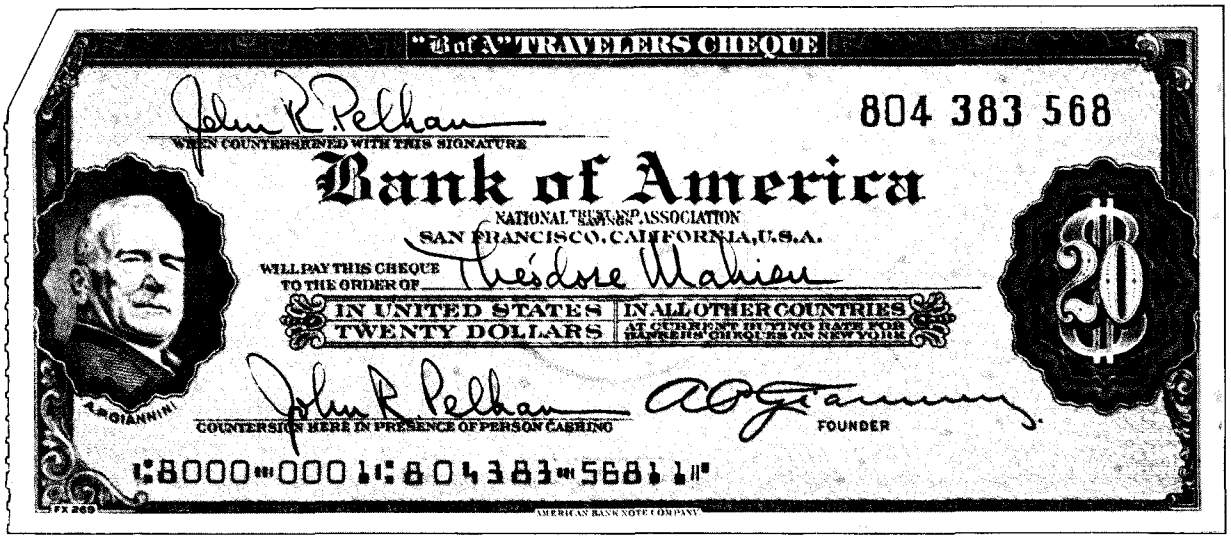

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Cape Hatteras...

Conservation saved it for you. See it on your way to the New York World's Fair.

There may be pirate gold buried on these wild and lonely North Carolina beaches. Certainly, ships with costly cargoes were wrecked there. But to most men, the wild shifting dunes, the foaming breakers, the haunting loveliness of sea and sand are treasures enough.

A dedicated group of North Carolina citizens thought such treasures should belong to the entire nation, for all to enjoy. A newspaper editor campaigned to preserve them. Members of such groups as the Audubon Society and Izaak Walton League joined in.

But, there was no money for land purchase. So public-spirited citizens raised it themselves. They got substantial help from private foundations. And the state of North Carolina appropriated matching funds.

Now, more than 70 miles of this primitive region is your Cape Hatteras National Seashore.

You and every other American own it, as you should. For along this windswept beach, among these wind-carved dunes, you can find satisfaction no crowded street can offer, a spiritual regrowth that renews and strengthens your ties with Nature and with mankind. Through conservation, this wild beauty will remain to give your great-grandchildren satisfaction when they, too, make their rendezvous with the land.

Cape Hatteras must not be the last of America's scenic glories to be so preserved. We need more natural areas set aside, so that all Americans, for all time, can keep the look of far horizons in their eyes.

Such conservation helps everybody. It needs everybody's help.

Free tour service: If you are driving to the New York World's Fair, let Sinclair help plan your trip to include visits to Cape Hatteras or other National Parks. Write Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020.

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